TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town

The other night the Mayor and eight aldermen came out strongly against the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay by private enterprise, and although they were too small in number to carry the point, there is reason to believe that they will succeed in blocking the undertaking on some technicality in the agreement. The Bevis & Redway scheme was utterly exploded by an organized movement in Council that had the artfulness to seem passive until a plausible excuse arose for growing furious. Witnessing this careful fury, the people scured on the Bevis-Redway syndicate, but to this day they do not know why. The Alexander company has done better than the other one, for its people have been named and recognized as possessing capital. Dismissing all one's settled opinions as to the terms of the tender now before the Council, one cannot fail to condemn the quibbling and delay practiced. It is the habit to bemoan the scarcity of capital in this country and to grumble because American money does not come in here, and because English money goes by this loyal colony and swells the golden streams that fertilize trade throughout the Republic. Well, if we would cease our grumbling and think a minute, if we would spare censuring fate and examine our own conduct we would discover the whole trouble, and it is this: We do not welcome foreign capital when it comes knocking at our door—the business men of the country refuse it admittance unless it is offered as a present.

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This is true and it is the real secret of dormant resources. In Canada we have no capitalists; we have some rich tradesmen who profess that name but it ill-fits them. The difference between the two is our crushing disadvantage. A capitalist is ready any day at a round profit to sell out any enterprise which he owns, to his next door neighbor or to a South Sea Islander who offers the cash, and then turn his money to some other prompt use; the trades man understands making money only in one business and unless he can sell at an enormous profit that will effectually glut his ambition to be rich, he will growl and hang on to his bone. The millers and brewers and distillers and agricultural implement makers and other manufacturers of Canada have all rejected profitable offers to sell out to English and American capitalists. They will not sell. They will negotiate with a vengeance, but if the Englishmen agree to the price that they ask, then they reflect on the big monopoly they are surrendering and fret about how they will employ their liberated capital and wind up by demanding fifty thousand dollars more, and so the deal falls through. The newspaper men of this city could tell, if they would, of ten million dollars of English money that has been repulsed from Ontario in this way during the past half dozen years. This is a big statement, but I am persuaded it is within the figure. Some deals have fallen through because, when the Englishmen had agreed to the excessive price demanded, our tradesmen, trembling for their future welfare, stipulated that they should be retained to conduct the business at salaries large enough to maintain so many kings. If they sell out they want the earth as an offset. They can't get it, and that is why they grumble.

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The same spirit has penetrated to the smallest matters. If a modest Englishman with a few thousand dollars reaches one of our townships with the purpose of farming, every farmer cocks his eye, and land can be seen to double in value as the stranger drives down the road. He is conspired against without a word being spoken, and when he does buy a farm for an excessive sum, the job of fleecing him is but fairly commenced. Shorthorn calves that won't register in the herd-book are unloaded upon him at fairy prices, and other such tricks played, for the community regards it as a signal of divine favor that the Englishman has been sent to that particular locality to collect all the runt and breechy cattle, all the spavined and vicious horses, all the lazy and dishonest laborers. The expectant but patient bailiff usually closes the chapter, and so much English capital has been absorbed in that community. I have seen this whole thing enacted under my nose a couple of times and know of other cases, so am not talking at random. This has no tendency to encourage the investment of foreign capital in farming here. The ruined stranger generally writes home for money and returns to England, where he does not fail to depict us as a lot of money-grubbing sharks, among whom no man dare venture with a dollar.

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Take this Ashbridge's Bay business. There is a frog pond whence the frogs have been removed by a malaria suited to the requirements of their case. The marsh has maintained a still and stinking presence to the east of the city for a generation, and many a funeral has been occasioned by the odors it threw off. Thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to create a flow of healthy water through it, but the best engineering skill the municipality could command has failed to maintain a channel. There it lay, a difficulty, an increasing danger. About this time along came a man who proposed to convert the slough into dry land, with private capital, on condition that the investors were guaranteed certain opportunities to reap profit from their spirited enterprise. "Oh-ho-o!" said Toronto, "let me think! You are not going to do this for fun, and if there's money in it for you, there's money in it for me. Oh-ho-o, wouldn't you like it!" And so Toronto has been thinking ever since and will go on thinking, too timid to touch it and too greedy to let private enterprise touch it. Here are several New York capitalists offering to do a job that before finished must necessitate the outlay of over a million dollars, but they will probably be rebuffed or forced by a pinch bargain to drop negotiations. The people here do not want New York money to come in, it seems, for don't you see, the New Yorkers might make something. In Hamilton, too, where the street railway franchise has been up for sale, some of the aldermen advocated selling to the old company because the other company would employ foreign capital. I do not know how much this argument weighed, but it was used and the old company was awarded the franchise.

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If there is any doubt about the advantage of having English and American capital invested in this country, let us debate the point and settle it. But let us no longer continue to kick it out and then marvel at its absence. There is no marvel about it, for we are all engaged in repulsing it by an intelligent method. Let the question be fully discussed and if it is found that foreign capital is not to be desired then fuller measures than those now practiced cannot be thought of. But if it is agreed that the attraction of outside capital will promote the country's good, then the whole practice of individuals and corporations should be reformed and the work of educating up to this reform should commence and be carried on with the zeal that penitence inspires. If English money, which has only gained entrance here to become buried in railways that pay no particular dividends and in bunco games that reproach our honesty and alarm the outside capitalist—if English money could get hold of one paying enterprise here it would be encouraged to come again and take hold of others that are now or would then be made to pay. If an American invests half his fortune here and loses it, he will shake himself clear of us as soon as may be; but if he realizes on his investment he will enlarge his operations and steer his moneyed friends into our manufacturing towns and mining regions. If we continue to bar out foreign capital when street railway franchises are sold and bar it out of reclamation schemes simply because there is profit to be reaped, then we may whistle for it in vain to cultivate our coal, iron and nickel mines. If we want it we must give it a square reception, for foreign millionaires are not liable to invest their money in Canadian moonshine. They want paying enterprises and if they get hold of the steady-going, sure things, that will release the native capital, better acquainted with the country and its conditions, to originate new undertakings and engender a new prosperity.

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These are dark days for Liberalism. It seems as though the country had repented of its indecision and would completely annihilate the Reform party if it had the general election to go through again. It has expressed a hostile sentiment all along the line in the bye-elections, until now a Liberal member at Ottawa is regarded with interest as a remnant of a vanishing species, and a patriotic citizen may be allowed to suggest that it would be wise to procure one of them while there is yet time and treasure him up in the Geological Survey.

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What is the matter with the party of truth and righteousness that it has again been sent into the wilderness for forty years, while the wicked live handsomely in Canaan? Inspiration answers that it is written Moses Cartwright shall never enter the promised land, and therefore the party will continue to wander until he finds a grave in the wilderness.

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Since the elections there has been a session of Parliament and the developments of that session were such as should have augmented the Liberal strength, for several dark scandals against members or servants of the Government were established or left where ordinary sense could fill in the deficiencies. An opposition seldom has such a handle as was fashioned by the investigating committees of last session, for, guilt and innocence thrown aside as quite irrelevant, there was a delightful chance to color any kind of a corrupt charge with a look of evidence. But that has availed the party nothing, and the whole effect of the scandals has been allowed to simmer away to no purpose. By rights, those unsavory disclosures should have more than counteracted the advantage of possession held by the Conservatives. Such is not the event though. It would be interesting to know just how much of the result in these bye-elections is brought about by one cause, and how much by another. Have the people on sober second thoughts come to realize that there is something demeaning in the at-any-price reciprocity advocated by the Reform party? Have they come to the conclusion that the party is anti-Canadian, and has a political union scheme on its hands? Did Mr. Blake's letter, published the day following the elections, recall the people from the path down which they had been led by a journalist who changed the finger-posts and played the travelers false? There is reason to believe that some one of these conjectures explains the change, or all of them together may have promoted it, for no ordinary cause could make the constituencies recant their faith in this unanimous way. It is only reasonable to decide that the people either did not understand the policy a year ago or have since grown to misunderstand it. A hundred chances to one that the first is correct, for a man will not forget anything that may seem to justify his continued fidelity to party. Reformers should take thought on this matter, for if a better understanding of their policy has resulted in these large defections from the ranks, then that policy should be abandoned before it is too late to retrieve lost fortune. If the policy is all right, as the party press maintains, then the leaders who win these unremitting defeats should be thrown to the fishes with an apology for offering them such indifferent meat. If the policy is all right and the leadership is all right, then the devil's in it, for I cannot make head or tail to it all!

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There is weakness somewhere, and my opinion is that neither the policy nor the leadership can afford to bandy abuse in the matter. But if the policy is not what it should be, then the leaders are still at fault for committing themselves to it; so in either case they are undone. To tell the truth, the Reform party suffers agonies through not having possessed office at any time during the past fourteen years, and in this way. It has secured no opportunity to back its dump-cart up against the Senate and evacuate a burthensome lot of old fellows who have been chilling its blood ever since Mackenzie retired from power without safely disposing of them. If the party could get within business distance of the Senate for one day it would relieve itself of dead branches accumulating for lo! these many years, and create enough senators to last a lifetime. The mechanism of the party, you see, is disturbed by this long continued inability to unload the old men and the unpopular men who encumber it. Failure to achieve power during so long a period has left the party poor, but a worse plague than its poverty is the plethora of impotent men who have blocked the stairway for twenty years. Even Death, inspired by malice or amusement, seems determined not to relieve that blockade; and when it does sparingly touch in that quarter it picks off a Brown and points at a Mackenzie, as though sworn to make that group a sympathetic brotherhood of noodles and then leave it alone forever. Once in power the Liberal party could frustrate this malicious design of Death by providing fat berths for half a dozen of its old-timers, and calling new men to ascend the stairway. What new men, you say—it does not matter who, anybody, anybody! Charlton might be agreeably served with a position as Connoisseur of Public Morals at a rare salary. Edgar, who has a poetic talent that the vicissitudes of public life have deprived of cultivation, might be dropped into the Parliamentary Library as an antidote to the Tory poets who cohabit there. Cartwright, after being a fly on the wheel for a brief space and mixing and muddling the national finances, might repair with his knighthood and the aroma of his U. E. Loyalist descent to the Court of St. James as High Chief Commissioner for Canada. Preston might be made chief of the Dominion police, in which capacity his past experience would prove no impediment to successful work. Others could be labeled for the convenience of the historian and stored in the Senate, others given judgeships or places in the customs. Why, it would be a most simple thing to restore the party wealth under such circumstances. The trouble is that the encumbrances which victory would enable the party to throw off are so heavy as to preclude victory—not unnatural either, since diseases of the human body do not assist in their own eradication, but rather deprive the victim of strength to go in quest of cures. Consumption often puts in its finishing touch when the emaciated invalid arrives within sight of the Denver mountains, where health is supposed to bless the air.

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If the party waits until the encumbrances provide a comfortable opportunity for disposing of themselves, it will be imitating the sick man who waits until his disease clothes him with strength to go racing around the country in search of a cure. Waiting thus the man is presently able to go racing around as he intended, but finds that he is better and requires no medicine; or waiting thus, he dies, and then requires no medicine. The latter is generally the result with a sick man, and I think it is the present peril of the sick party in Canadian politics. Now is the time to take medicine, the time to shake off dead weights. Blake and Mackenzie led the party each in their day; Laurier does not lead it and never did, either in fact or name. Cartwright divided honors with him from the start and is the bigger twin in a twin leadership. Laurier should either be relieved of this baneful supremacy or should be set aside as one more failure. So long as his beatific face adorns the party button it will be suspected that behind it is another face fringed with a pair of sinister whiskers. Down in the valley of calamity, where it has been plunged, the party should reconstruct its policy and remodel its leadership before attempting to scale the surrounding heights.

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There are all sorts of people in the world. This statement is not the result of any very keen observation on my part, and I may as well confess that somebody has made the same remark before. But let it be generously allowed that that does not detract from the merit of the observation, for I would have originated it only that tongue and pen were inaccessible to me four thousand years ago. Anyone can see by comparing his own faultless disposition with the weak natures around him, that there are all sorts of people in the world. One person will whine and complain of his ailments through a long life of ninety years and not die then unless he is run over by a hose reel. Another will never vary in his quiet cheerfulness nor utter one complaining word, but will silently fade away at thirty and the inquisitive doctors who cut up his lean form cannot find a single organ that has not been gnawed at by disease for years. It is found that he was afflicted with half a dozen mala-

WHERE THE STREAM RUNS SLOW.

dies, any one of which alone would have killed him, any one of which would have cut off the other man in the middle of his complaining life. It is strange how people differ. I do not believe that groans reliably gauge pains, nor that habitual complaining is a symptom of inherent disease. If you have a relative who is forever confiding to you that his life depends solely upon the staying powers of the lobe of one lung, or that he suffers from the most excruciating internal pains for which a medical examination can assign no cause, do not lose sleep on his account. Parenthetically be it said, that I am disposed to speak unkind things my native gallantry requires me to refer to the masculine animal alone. Well then, he is entitled to some sharp watching before he merits your deepest sympathy. Before you fly in the face of the doctors and credit him with some unknown but frightful malady, just observe the conduct of your patient when he burns his finger or is entrusted with the cultivation of a boil on his neck. If he growls and fretts, remains away from his office, calls in a doctor and insists upon going to bed, humor him; humor him, but rest easy in mind, for there before you, writhing with a boil or a burn, is the making of a centenarian. Foster no vain hope of being heir to such a relative, but play the Jesuit and profess belief in his anguish, for your conduct may one day win a legacy for your grandchildren. But if your complaining and groaning relative accep's a burn or a boil without a word and sticks to the text of his former wails, then sympathize with him and treat him seriously, for in defiance of all the doctors in the land I would not believe that such a man had a lung or a liver about him unless the organ was produced in my presence. Smooth his pillow, soften the asperities of life around him, for that man will very soon associate with the saints. The test may not be infallible, but if it fails, then human nature is not what I know it to be and all history has been written to belie and cheat me.

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This kidnapping business, commenced by Montreal merchants, too much resembles the old Spanish way of doing things to suit Canada very well, but at the same time it is an acknowledged fact that owing to a difference in civil codes the wholesaler of Quebec has often been outwitted by unscrupulous creditors in Ontario. It is likely that this new plan of bagging men in one province after the method pursued by Old Sleuth, the dime novel detective, and rushing them to a prison in another province, will cause Mr. Abbott, who is the leading commercial lawyer of the country, to devise an equitable scheme for the protection of the creditor from fraud and the debtor from outrage. Justice should be strict and interprovincial, and if a plan were outlined the provinces would no doubt co-operate in giving it effect. Kidnapping should be legislated against, for it is no more in favor with the sentiment of the day than is fraudulent conduct, which is alleged as its excuse.

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The Blakes are more famous for strength than for humor of mind. Out in this country a story which was undoubtedly a pure invention, used to be told about a friend who was grieved that Edward Blake possessed none of the jocularity so serviceable to Sir John Macdonald. He went to the Liberal leader and appealed to him to brush up in this regard, and with an idea of equipping him for business told him that when anyone remarked to him that it looked like snow he should smilingly retort "Snow matter," and this would be told around as Blake's joke and do his fame good in certain quarters. The opportunity came, the remark was made and with the most engaging smile in his repertoire the great lawyer and leader replied "It's immaterial!" Something was wrong—it didn't produce the expected hilarity and never another joke was ventured. This story is familiar to everybody, but I recall it for a purpose. Some time ago, in an election trial, S. H. Blake acted as counsel for defendant, and a newspaper correspondent in recounting a tilt between the opposing counsel remarked that it fared ill with anyone who had the temerity to cross the shimmering blade of wit with a Blake. That aroused a foreboding in several minds that was only too well grounded, for a few weeks afterwards S. H. Blake was advertised to give an evening of humorous readings in a public hall. He has done it several times since. And last week Edward Blake gave an evening of humorous readings before a young men's club. One cannot be too careful what one says in this world. Too simple a action may have a far-reaching effect, and the pen of a junior reporter may overturn a throne or arouse the buried ambition of a great man. From that small remark in reporting the election trial, what great things have issued! This should contain a solemn caution for all whose writings reach the public eye, for theirs is a grave responsibility. MACK.

Social and Personal.

Elmsmere, Weston, was the scene of a very pleasant event on Wednesday evening, when Mr. W. Edwin Ellerby of the *Tribune*, Toronto Junction, was married to Miss Hattie I. Brown, daughter of Mr. R. S. Brown, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Geo. Brown of Bracebridge, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. A. C. Philp of Weston. The bride was handsomely attired in Henrietta cloth trimmed with brocaded silk, wearing the customary embroidered tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carrying a beautiful bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Laura E. Brown, sister of the bride, who was costumed in a pretty dress of Henrietta cloth and carried a lovely bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by Mr. H. Howard Shaver of Toronto. After the ceremony a sumptuous *dejeuner* was partaken of and the happy couple left about 11.30 for their home in Toronto Junction. The presents consisted of many beautiful pieces of silver plate, china, oil paintings, etc. The following is the list of invited guests: Rev. Geo. and Mrs. Brown of Bracebridge, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown, Miss H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown, Miss M. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Toye, Miss E. Toye, Mrs. T. Brown, Miss A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brown, Mr. T. W. Brown, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Art. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brown, Mrs. Tom Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. Foster, Mr. W. A. Harstone, Mr. J. Ellerby, Mr. and Mrs. R. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Tonkin, Mr. M. and Miss Flo Wickett, Mr. Toye, Rev. S. C. and Mrs. Philp, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ellerby, Dr. and Mrs. Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Barton, Mr. Franks, Miss Tillie Franks, Miss M. Robinson, Messrs. W. and F. Pearson, Mr. Monkman of Weston, Mr. John Brown, Miss M. McKay, Miss E. Brown, Miss C. Brown, Mr. Brown of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Rice, Mr. H. H. Shaver, Mr. E. Farr, Mr. L. Farr of Toronto Junction, Rev. Mr. Pearson, Miss A. Ellerby, Mr. and Mrs. John Reaman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Reaman of Woodbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Rountree, Mr. Geo. Farr of Thistletown, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bales, Miss M. Porter, Miss L. Bales of Chicago, Mr. J. W. Ellerby of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Reaman of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. J. Reaman, Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald of N. W. T., Miss L. Lemon, Miss Lemon of Jarvis, Mr. T. Steadman, Miss A. Steadman of Wyoming, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stephens of Brockville.

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A number of friends assembled at St. Luke's church last Wednesday morning to witness the marriage of Mr. George Baird and Miss Minnie Worden, both well known and popular young people of our city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Langtry. Miss Worden's wedding gown was a rich brocaded satin, very plainly and elegantly made, with a tulle veil and a wreath of real orange blossoms. Her amiable and bonnie face looked unusually bright and happy, as the congratulations of her friends were showered upon her. The bridesmaids were Miss Mamie Worden, Miss Baird and Miss Smith. Mr. William Worden, her brother, gave the bride away. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's father, St. Vincent street, where a *dejeuner* and reception were held. Among those present I noticed the Messrs. Baird, Mrs. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brooke, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Walker, Miss Lily Ellis and a number of others.

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Mrs. W. H. Brouse gives an afternoon tea next Friday.

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Mrs. Holmes 25 D'Arcy street, gave an afternoon reunion to a number of ladies interested in Miss Laura Giddings' physical culture lectures. Miss Giddings spoke on the popular theme, and her address was much appreciated.

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A very interesting and unique wedding ceremony was performed in Webb's parlors on Wednesday, at 6 p.m., when Mr. Edward H. Loeser of Buffalo and Miss Jennie Pink were married according to the ritual of the Jewish church. The Rev. Dr. Elzas, minister of the Synagogue in Toronto, officiated. The bride wore a gown of white bengaline with pearl trimmings, tulle veil and a wreath and bouquet of carnations. The bridesmaids were Miss Fannie Pink of Cleveland and little Miss Vivian Loeser. The canopy under which the bridal vows were uttered, was supported by Masters Herbert and Irwin Loeser of Toronto, Raymond Deutsch of Cleveland and Josie Dasbecker of Buffalo. Friends and telegrams from all the principal cities in the States arrived to congratulate the young couple. After the *dejeuner* a reception was held and the evening closed with a dance. A number of strangers were present, among whom I noticed Mrs. Deutsch of Cleveland, in cream *crepe* and *chiffon* trimmed with mink tails; Miss Helen Loeb of Cleveland, pale blue; Miss Mohr of Quebec, in pink satin; Mrs. Elzas wore a dainty empire gown of mouse gray and orange. Mr. and Mrs. Loeser left for a honeymoon trip across the line, and will reside in Buffalo.

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Miss Power of Port Hope has been for some time the guest of Mrs. A. W. Croil.

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A quiet wedding took place in All Saints' church on Thursday of last week, when Mr. Adam Ralph was married to Miss Edith Poingdestre. The bride wore a heliotrope gown and hat covered with sprays of lilac. She was attended by her sister. Mr. Ernest Ralph acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph left for the North West by the afternoon train, and will make their home in Regina.

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Mrs. Cawthra of Beverley street gave a dinner party last Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Pauline Johnson. The guests were Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Tully, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Miss Boulton, and Mr. E. Wylie Grier.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Rose Barker, who spent last season in Toronto, to Mr. Frank Donaldson of Brooklyn, New York.

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Mr. W. Henderson entertained the members of H. Co., 48th Highlanders, at his residence, 31 Surrey Place, last Tuesday evening. A very jolly evening was spent, Scotch music and sentiment being much *en evidence*.

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A very interesting entertainment was given under the auspices of the Young People's Association of St. Phillips' Church, on Thursday, the 10th inst. Miss E. Pauline Johnson gave a number of readings in excellent manner, and she had able musical assistance in Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron and Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The officers of the Y. P. A. are: President, Mr. Henry Smith; vice-president, Mr. J. D. Brand; treasurer, Miss Brown; secretary, Miss Nelson; committee, Messrs. J. Spence, C. Spence, Tibbitts and F. Hodgson.

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Miss Laura M Gillivray gave an interesting recital at Carlton street Methodist Church recently.

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The authors' evening of the Toronto Teachers' Association held at the Auditorium on Monday evening last, had a successful outcome. Miss E. Pauline Johnson shows a decided improvement in elocution since her first appearance before a Toronto audience, but has lost nothing of the personal fire of her delivery. Perhaps the most notable event of her appearance was the reading of the new poem Temptation, a splendid effort and one into which the authoress has introduced more of the didactic strain than usually characterizes her poetry. Mr. Jas. L. Hughes read, in good style, Mrs. Curzon's beautiful poem, Where Dwelleth Poesy! Mr. George Washington Johnston, one of the earliest of our Canadian poets and author of the beautiful song, When You and I Were Young, Maggie; Mr. Alexander Muir, author of The Maple Leaf; and Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, whose volume, Verses Grave and Gay, is well known; gave loyal selections. Messrs. H. K. Cockin, W. A. Sherwood and H. W. Charlesworth were also well received by the audience. Miss Minnie Gaylord gave some beautiful solos. Mr. McMillan acted as chairman.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Walker arrived from Europe last week and have taken up their residence at 2 Surrey Place. They made a prolonged tour through Europe, visiting many places of interest. Both are looking well and I am glad to welcome them back to Toronto.

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At 147 St. Patrick street on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., a joyful gathering of friends assembled to celebrate the china wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts. May they live to celebrate their silver wedding.

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Owing to ill health Mrs. J. C. Smith leaves to-day for the South, accompanied by Miss Bates. I hope the balmy air of the South will restore her health again. She will be missed in musical circles.

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Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter left in the early part of the week for a tour through Georgia and the Southern States. I trust the gentle breezes of the South will speedily restore him to his old time health and spirits.

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Mr. H. W. C. Meyer, Q C., of Wingham, left on Monday for a trip round the world. He purposes taking the steamer Empress of India, which leaves Vancouver on April 6. The Misses Meyer will accompany him to the coast and remain there on a visit with their aunt during his absence. I am glad to note Mr. Meyer's convalescence after his illness and wish him *bon voyage*.

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A pretty luncheon was given by Mrs. Edward Cox on Friday for Mrs. J. Stanton King and Mrs. C. S. Wilbur of New York.

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Miss Hill is organizing another summer party to visit the Continent. Those of my acquaintances who have traveled under the guidance of Miss Hill unite in praise of her kind and efficient management of these trips.

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Miss H. P. Merrill of Prescott, sister of Judge Merrill of Picton, is visiting Mrs. G. Merrill on Wellesley street.

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A novel idea in the way of a "green dinner" was given on Thursday evening by Mrs. Maurice McFarlane, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jack King and Mrs. Charles Wilbur of New York. Covers were laid for fourteen. The table decorations were really artistic and the *menu* could not be surpassed.

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The fifth of the series of O. S. A. entertainments will take place at the Art Gallery on Thursday evening, March 24. The brilliant elocutionist, Mr. S. H. Clark, Principal of Conservatory School of Elocution, will entertain with, An Hour with Longfellow, and Miss Jardine Thomson and others will give musical assistance.

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The marriage of Mr. T. A. Brown and Miss Jennie Bickell was witnessed by a happy gathering of relatives of the contracting parties on Thursday evening, March 10, at the residence of the bride's mother, 373 Sackville street. The bride looked handsome robed in white *faille* silk combined with old *de lieux* lace. She was accompanied by Miss Ida Hatch, and the groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Charles Brown. The presents received were numerous and beautiful. The groom's present to the bride was a solitaire diamond pin, and to the bridesmaid a diamond lace pin. The happy couple left on the midnight train going west and will visit several of the principal cities across the border ere they return.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tinning of 15 Tranby avenue gave their little son Stanley his first birthday party on Saturday, March 12. From three to six o'clock his little guests spent a very enjoyable time, and great fun was manifested when the bon-bons and fancy balls were given to the little ones. Among the invited guests were the Misses Gladys Abbott, Marjory and Dorothy Campbell, Hazel Ibbotson, Marjory Jackman, Dora McKay, Olive and Maud Pattison, Hildred Rose, Masters Bedford Richardson, Winnie Ross, Josie Trorey, Roy Vernon, Joe Stewart, Edna Stewart, Daisy Williams. After having a good afternoon's fun they all wished their little host very many happy returns of the day.

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The annual banquet of the Toronto Young Men's Conservative Association will this year be a most brilliant event. It is to be held at the Rossin House, with the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, M.P., Hon. J. C. Patterson, M.P. for West Huron, Hon. C. H. Tupper, M.P., and many other prominent Conservatives as guests. The City Members, N. Clarke Wallace, M.P., and D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P., will also be present. Tickets, which can be obtained from the president, Mr. Castell Hopkins, the secretary, Mr. J. M. Crowley, cor. Yonge and Shuter streets, or from the members of the executive, are limited in number, and should be obtained at once by those desiring to be present.

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Miss Strachan of 98 Hazelton avenue has returned home after a very pleasant visit to her friend, Miss Farrell, of Sherbrook street, Montreal.

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Mrs. Herbert Walker will be At Home at Surrey Villa, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

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Mrs. Irving Cameron gave an impromptu and very pleasant tea last Thursday week.

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Miss Berthon, whose card appears in another column, is the daughter of the late Mr. George Berthon. I am told that a sale of some of the duplicate paintings of this clever artist will shortly be offered for sale, and as some of them are of decided historic interest, no doubt purchasers will be easily found.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McConnell of Lakeview avenue celebrated their golden wedding last Thursday week. Four generations were present to honor the occasion, and congratulations were received from all quarters of the continent.

*

The Victoria Dramatic Club intend holding an entertainment in St. Andrew's Hall on April 20, for which about three hundred and fifty invitations will be issued early next month. The committee, whose names are an assurance of success, are Messrs. Vaux Chadwick, Ernest R. VanKoughnet, A. W. G. Langtry, Max McCord, Claude Norrie, Harry Broughall and Harry F. Strickland. A dance will be given after the performance, and great anticipations of enjoyment are in order. Particulars will be furnished by Mr. Strickland, 92 Peter street.

*

Miss Tena Hay has returned to Woodstock.

*

Miss Eva Sheppard, daughter of Mr. O. B. Sheppard, has returned from a delightful visit to the principal American cities.

*

A marriage is arranged to take place in the immediate future between Mr. Russell H. Osgoodby, proprietor of the *Ladies' Pictorial*, and Miss Jessie M. Decker of Buffalo.

*

Miss Lundy has returned to Peterboro.

*

Miss Lee of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Macdonald of the Willows, Bathurst street.

*

Mr. Anthony Le Moyne was in town last week.

*

Miss Mabel Gardner is visiting friends in Chicago.

*

A number of theater parties have been given this week.

*

Mr. Low Hayes paid a flying visit to Toronto last week.

*

Cards are out for a private view of Mr. G. A. Reid's picture, The Foreclosure of the Mortgage, which is intended for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of the North-West are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Holland of Rusholme road.

*

Miss Violet Towner gave a delightful tea on Monday last at her home, 10 Wellesley street.

*

Mrs. Sullivan of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Fred Thompson.

*

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Denison leave for a continental tour of some duration in a short time.

*

The French Club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. Wilkes, Bloor street east.

*

Regular Lenten audiences greeted Marie Wainwright at the Grand last week; that is to say, society people, for the time debarred from the giddy round of social enjoyments, took what amusement was offered by visiting the theater.

*

A very pleasant assembly was given by a number of young gentlemen to their friends at Webb's last night. Cards were sent out from "The Fifty," and next week I hope to give full particulars of a most enjoyable evening.

*

Miss Snively entertained a number of friends at a very pleasant dinner one evening lately, to meet Miss Laura Giddings. Among those present were: Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. Temple, jun., Miss Giddings, Miss F. Richardson, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Dr. Thiel, Miss Sheppard, Dr. Barnhart and Dr. Shiell.

*

The Mystery Social Club hold their second At Home of the season at Prof. Thomas' Academy on the 25th inst.

*

Mr. Harry Ryrie, of Ryrie Bros., leaves today on a business trip and a visit to the principal points in Europe, returning in about three months.

Every Inch a Duchess.

First Duke—Why don't you travel *incognito*, as I do? It's far pleasanter.

Second Duke—Yes, but my wife always goes with me, and I married an American.

"Children Half Price."

Say, mamma, you know you said you'd buy me a little sister when they got cheap."

"Did I, dear; well?"

"Well, here's your chance to get one for half price."

An Inconvenient Remedy

Dr. Molar.—Now, the tooth is out, Mrs. Maloney. If the cavity commences to bleed, you must stand and hold your arms straight up over your head, like this.

Mrs. Maloney.—Howly Saints! Av Oi shtand lolke that, how will Oi ever get me ir-r-noning done!

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French Gloves just arrived, in the new shades of Brown, Tan, Green, and made with our special stitching "double briar."

Our Millinery Showrooms are now open and complete with the newest designs in French and English millinery.

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A MANUAL OF THE TOILET

BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

In this work ladies are told how to beautify the appearance, take care of their health so as to dispense with cosmetics and how to use cosmetics if adhered to.

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Modish Head-gear.

STRENUOUS effort is being made to force the introduction of streamers, and some milliners are decorating their costliest hats with ribbon ends fastened at the back, and falling loose below the waist-line. Sometimes two sets of strings are used on a single bonnet. For example, a small straw shape trimmed with emerald-tinted *lisse* and pink roses has two pink and two green velvet strings, giving a truly harlequin effect, with rose color on one side of the face, and green opposite. But there is, apparently, no limit to the margin allowed for personal preference, and, while the long and fancy streamers and strings are undoubtedly *chic* and prettiest for young faces, women of quieter taste hold to the narrow velvet bridles or ribbons crossed beneath the chin, and fastened next the cheek or somewhere on the hair behind, with small rosettes and pins. Large bows of wide ribbon appear to be fastened on very small hats as their sole trimming. They are held in place with big pins of more or less curious design—some representing old Roman coins, with a hole punctured, in which glistens a diamond star. A novel fancy, that comes as a welcome change from lace, is quilled *lisse* with a feather edge. This may be utilized in a dozen different ways, either to encircle the crown, enlarge the brim, or draw together in soft rosettes. This season's ribbons are very beautiful, but from the narrowest to the widest they all show some sort of *moire* effect. Nearly all are fancifully decorated with satin dots, embroidered or *lisse applique* edge, open-work patterns, or bow-knot or floral patterns.

Already the best shops are showing some extremely pretty novelties in the way of light summer sunshades, and, if such a thing were possible, the parasols are even more elegant and flower-like than they were last summer. Their handles are unique in design, but those of natural wood are very fashionable. Bone handles are incrusted with small steel beads; others have cut jet set in ebony; the Dresden ones show tiny miniatures in their handles, while strawberries in relief appear on those of natural wood. Old parasols on which the silk is still good, though faded, may be readily and charmingly freshened by laying over them the crisp lace covers that are sold all ready to be tacked on. These are made of pyramidal crimped ruffles of Valenciennes or imitation *pointe*, narrowing up to the tiny lace rosette which fits close round the ferrule. Some of these covers are of a single layer of *guipure*, or Irish point; others are of *lisse*; again, they are made of embroidered muslin, and *chiffon* is very *chic* used in this way. A last summer's sunshade of white or colored silk looks as fluffy and dainty when treated to a new lace petticoat as though it were a purchase of yesterday. For country use a cluster of wild flowers and bunch of gay ribbons tied at the top and on the handle add materially to the attractiveness of the refurbished article.

Another bonnet has a turban brim of wired jet, inside which is a puffy ruche of lace and ribbon loops. This bonnet is crowniess, but a little to the left side a small curled plume is placed, and one handsome jet pin. Rosette bows and very long strings of *moire* ribbon complete the trimming. A charming hat for a youthful head has a low-pointed crown, and brim of fancy mohair braid, almost completely covered with sprays of white lilac and delicate green leaves. This also has rosette bows and long strings of white *moire* ribbon. Another style shows a wide-brimmed hat of fancy straw and mohair exquisitely woven. The small crown is pretty, but nearly concealed by the trimming, which consists of bows, rosettes, and strings of sap-green satin, *moire* ribbon, and a bunch of giant carnations of a delicious pink tinge. A good deal of foliage and pins of gold and pearl complete the pleasing whole.

There is reason for the most devout thankfulness that at last the untidy, half-dressed spectacle of women without collars is at an end. There has not for half a century been any fashion more demoralizing or more unbecoming. It has been productive of an amount of carelessness among growing girls that it will take years of training to overcome. There are many daughters of respectable families who appear in the morning—indeed, at any time of the day—without ruching or other finish in the neck of the dress. Such fashions as these may be criticized, not merely as foolish caprice, but as having decidedly injurious tendencies, especially in view of the fact that they let down the standard of neatness, care and daintiness among young girls.

In buttons there are several novelties. A nickel button with holes to sew through is looked on with favor. There are many black buttons made of glass with eyes to sew through. Tiny round or oval buttons are used; gilt buttons will be very popular for tailor costumes, and, indeed, all-wool dresses. Pearl and steel buttons are in excellent demand, and are very pretty for cotton dresses.

According to the best authorities, we are to have a flower season in millinery almost without precedent. Flower bonnets, hats and garniture of the most elaborate description are among the imported novelties.

There are very narrow gimps and braids of metal with tiny purled edgings like little points. These are used for the edges of garments. They are made with either one or both edges in the little points described.

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Male Help Wanted.

He Knows Them.

She—I'm awfully homely. And you think so, too!

He—I believe that what you think about it is true. What you think about it—not what you say about it.

Reciprocity.

Lord Fitzenston—Gad! British noblemen furnish the money to run your American industries.

Miss A.—Yes; but American wives furnish the money to run your British noblemen.

Too Particular.

"And so you are back from Europe, and without being engaged."

"Well, yes; you see all the cheap dukes are gone now, and nothing else would satisfy me."

The Pacific Coast.

One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time they are running specially attractive trips to all points on the Pacific coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R., knowing well the tedium of long distance railway traveling, have sought to their utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. offices, 118 King street west, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.

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Superintendent.—I am glad to see you here; I suppose you want to join our Sunday-school? Hi Wing.—May be. This, Hang Wah. He velly bad man—got two wifee China, one wifee here—keep joint. You convertee him, I come, too.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

FRESHNESS and novelty constitute interesting features of the spring season in silks and kindred dress goods. This week a new satin striped delaine that seems destined to capture all hearts—woman's. In navy, black, fawn and cream grounds, and a handsome stripe in satin, flower design running through it—'tis handsome. You try our delaines at 20c., 30c., 35c., 45c. for pretty goods—all wool.

The store will lead in silks. There's no such thing as heading it off. Value in quality and cost is here.

Black Surah Silks (pure) 45c., 75c., 85c., $1.
Black Satin Merv., 37½c., 50c., 67½c., 87½c.
Black Peau de Soie, 65c., $1, $1.25.
Black Gros Grain, 22-inch, 65c., 85c.
Black Gros Grain, 23-inch, our leader, $1.
Black Gros Grain, $1, $1 25, $1.50, $1.65.
Black Silk Faille, 85c.

Colored silks are having an active sale. Very pretty goods ours. The prices are more than astonishing.
Colored Surahs, 50c.
Colored Chinas, plain, 25c.
Figured Chinas, 25c.

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Moderate Prices.

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Have You Thin Arms or a Hollow Neck? Within the last three weeks several ladies who were emaciated or ungracefully stout have been wonderfully improved by taking Mrs. Graham's treatments.

Are the Treatments Expensive? Can you get a pretty new gown for nothing? Which commands the most lasting admiration—an elegant costume or a beautiful face and figure? Why not be pretty and sweet in an old bulletin for once, and soon have the satisfaction of being able to wear "anything"? Call upon or write to Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM for booklet, "How to be Beautiful." Address 2 King Street East, Toronto.

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Evening Dresses and Riding Habits
Dresses Cut and Fitted
CORSETS TO ORDER
ANY STYLE.
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Herbal Toilet Soap
The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

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STANDARD
DRESS BONES
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Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

"Miss Baillie's here, ma'am, a-asking me for some pattern you was so good as to say you'd lend her."

"Oh, Dyne, I meant to leave it out for her. How very stupid of me."

"She was just off to the dressmaker's," returned Dyne, in a tone that implied disbelief.

Mrs. Strangways looked keenly at her. "Well, and why should she not?"

"Shall I take it to Miss Gordon's for her, ma'am?"

"No, I will send it on by post."

"What did she say about the love letter I found?" Dyne had been boiling over with curiosity for weeks and thought it rather hard that she should not be made acquainted with what had happened, since she had been instrumental in unmasking the young lady.

"I believe my sister decided not to mention it to her at all."

"Humph!" It would be difficult to tell how disappointed Dyne felt.

"You see there is nothing to prove that it even belonged to Miss Baillie after all," continued her mistress, "and even if it did, there might be a good and sufficient reason to account for it.

"Yes, and peas might grow on bramble bushes, but I never came across none that did." Dyne whisked herself out of the room in a very unamiable frame of mind. She cordially detested Miss Baillie and would dearly have liked to see her punished.

To her mind the whole thing was so palpable, it allowed of no defence. And she was amazed and disgusted at Mrs. Armitage's reticence on the matter.

"But he she's on the look out and means to catch my lady tripping," she thought, and found a crumb of comfort in the reflection. But Dyne was right. Emily had made the dressmaker an excuse for securing a couple of hours to herself.

No less than three letters had she received from Lord Hardstock, urging the necessity of an interview. The handwriting on the envelopes was disguised and the letters themselves were printed in schoolboy fashion.

Emily hesitated and weighed the question. But the last was so imperative that she felt compelled to yield.

"It is of vital importance to yourself," it ran, "that you should learn what has occurred, that you may be on your guard. Be here not later than five o'clock, so that you can be my sovereign."

Emily schooled herself to wear a dignified, impressive demeanor, which she found very difficult to keep up when her lover greeted her with the old warmth and tenderness. But she felt that the only tie between them was a purely physical one, and by that alone might she hope to bind him to her, and she would not so much as yield her lips to his caress.

"Now you little rebel, give me an explanation of your extraordinary behavior of late."

"Perhaps you will be so good as to inform me why you remained perfectly quiet while I stood outside and knocked for admission, why you never answered my letter, and why you wished me to imagine you were out."

Lord Hardstock looked puzzled.

Emily reiterated her complaint against him.

"My dear child," said he, "I found that note of yours in my letter box at Brighton o'clock the next afternoon on my return from Brighton. I was not even in town when you came, I assure you."

"I don't believe a word of it. I heard you yawn as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life."

It was not an easy matter to throw dust in Emily's eyes.

"It is extremely likely that you have heard talking going on, for I was weak-minded enough to give the key of my rooms to a chum of mine who is desperately in love with a girl, and has no chance of seeing her unless under her father's roof, where he declares he can never say a word to her that is not overheard. I took pity on him and told him he could make use of me if he liked. As a matter of fact, I believe he did so."

Was he speaking the truth? Perhaps! She was longing with all her heart to be able to believe him.

"So that is why you have been so cross-grained, my child! Upon my word you are a little goose. But, Emily, I have more cause to reproach you. How came you to be so careless as to drop any of my letters about?"

The color faded from Emily's cheeks. "What do you mean!" she said hastily.

"I gathered from Mrs. Armitage's manner that she had not mentioned the subject to you," continued Lord Hardstock. "She appealed to me as the primary sinner."

And he told her exactly what had passed. Emily was very angry.

"I think she ought to have come direct to me, if she had any doubts about it," she said. "I will not stay there any longer, Rupert. It is unbearable. I have said so before, but this time I mean it. We are no nearer to being married now than we were a year ago, and some understanding must be definitely arrived at between us. Do you intend to make me your wife?"

"You know I do, but these matters are not arranged in a minute. I will tell you now why I have kept you in waiting. The present tenants of Greystone are giving up the place in May, and I should like to make it our home for a year or two."

Emily's eyes blazed like stars. A soft red flushed her cheeks, and she leaned forward, the incarnation of passion and emotion.

"You are not trifling with me—you mean it?"

"I mean it."

God forgive him the lie. Emily choked down a sob. "At last! at last!" she was telling herself exultantly.

"Then it is settled, and we will go down to Greystone and spend our honeymoon there!"

"Where you will—it is all one to me, if I be with you."

Do anything but love, or if thou lovest, and art a woman, hide thy love from him who thinks does worship; never let him know how dear he is. Poor Emily's knowledge of the world and of the hearts of men should have taught her wisdom, but in the bliss of attaining her desires she forgot all else and spoke as she felt.

"You will let me tell Mrs. Armitage?" she said by and by.

"On no account. You seem to forget that I lied to her regarding that paper you lost. Your lips must be absolutely sealed so far as she is concerned. I do not think she would be a very sympathetic confidante either."

"She is changed. I am sure something has happened to alter her whole life. She is younger, brighter, and oh! she has such a beautiful look on her face sometimes—I am not given to gush about a woman, as you know, but I cannot help looking at her. I can tell you the very day I first noticed the difference—it was a week ago yesterday. We had been out, Eva and I, and the child stopped at the drawing-room door on the way upstairs. No one answered, so we went in. Mrs. Armitage sat on the sofa, with one hand shading her eyes. She caught Eva up in her arms and kissed her as I have never seen her do before, passionately—regretfully almost. It is no light thing that would move her, believe me."

"And what do you think it was then?"

Lord Hardstock tried to speak indifferently, and succeeded so well that Emily saw nothing unusual about him.

"I think she has a lover."

"Nonsense. Who in the world is there for her to fall in love with?"

"Oh! I know something," laughed Emily saucily. "I know that some man visited her that afternoon, young, and not ill-looking, for Dr. Dale was passing the door as he came out, and asked me point blank if he was an admirer of mine."

"And his name?"

"Ah, that I do not know, but I dare say I could find out, but I am not curious."

"Emily, I am going to tell you something that may perhaps surprise you. I owe Mrs. Armitage a grudge. I hate her as I never hated a woman before, and if I could work her mischief I gladly would. He is not in this. I must know who the man was who called at Kensington that afternoon."

Emily sat thinking. "Why do you hate her?" she asked.

"I will tell you one day, not now. Will you do this for me?"

"I will."

And shortly after this Miss Baillie went away. What Lord Hardstock had acknowledged with regard to Mrs. Armitage astonished her greatly. Constance was not a woman to stir up animosity and ill feeling. She was too placid and colorless for that. What then could it be that had roused Rupert's wrath against her? He was sincere enough in his expressions of ill-will. There was a look on his face and a scowl on his brow that were not to be mistaken. Was it connected with monetary matters? Ah! very probably. She knew that owing to Mr. Armitage's sudden death Constance had been obliged to leave Greystone, and that Lord Hardstock held a mortgage on it. Being a woman, and the wife of his dead friend, it was extremely likely that he had found it difficult to press for payment which might be in arrears. And so Emily settled the question quite satisfactorily and never came within a mile of the actual truth.

But could she have seen her lover pacing up and down his room, and heard the oaths he uttered as he struck out blindly in his impotent rage, she would most assuredly have realized that it was something of a greater import than money that was tugging at Lord Hardstock's heart-strings—something that touched his soul more nearly than his pocket. With subtle instinct he felt that she could supply the name of Constance's visitor, and cursed his ill luck that he should have come upon the scene too late.

Two days later he had a letter from Emily, and his worst fears were realized. Basil St. Quentin had been to Kensington, and for anything he knew to the contrary might be in London still.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. At all events he knew the danger that menaced him.

"I upset the card basket and looked through the list of names with Eva's help," wro'e Miss Emily. "There was only one I did not know—Basil St. Quentin—Eva tells me he used to stay with them down at Greystone, and I think it must have been he who called on Mrs. Armitage the other afternoon."

The end of that week she wro'e again.

"I am quite sure that my suspicions concerning Mrs. Armitage were correct. I purposely talked about Mr. St. Q. to the child, and by and by when her mother came in she said to her: 'Mamma, where is Basil gone, he never come now, does he?' Mrs. A. flushed up and looked quite pretty. 'How strange that you should say that, my pet. He called here a day or two ago.' 'Is he coming again soon?' asked Eva. 'No, he has gone away many hundred miles.'

"'But he will come some day!'

"'I expect he will,' said Mrs. A. I wish I could give you any idea of the voice with which she said it. Half shy, half joyous, wholly different to any I ever heard her use before. I may say what you like, she is entirely changed and changed for the better, too. She is more human, more like other women. How did she see you, Rupert? I hope she did not do you harm, she has been so good to me. I never felt for her as I do now. I want just to tell her everything—about us I mean. She would listen, and both understand and sympathize now; I know she would." And after this letter a very demon of rage possessed Lord Hardstock.

Had St. Quentin proposed to her? It looked like it. And if so had she given him hope? She had not accepted him, of that he was assured, for in that case Mrs. Strangways would have been notified. Constance never did anything secretly. If she intended to marry again, she would speak of it quite frankly and openly. And evidently her sister had heard nothing to rouse her suspicions, for his lordship had adroitly led the conversation round to his own hopes and ambitions, and she had advised him to trust to time, as indeed she had done all along. No, nothing was settled. So much was in his favor. Where had the fellow gone?

After pondering the matter for some length of time, he resolved at last to bring St. Quentin's name on the tapis the very first time he was in Constance's presence. It was nearly a fortnight later before an opportunity presented itself. They met at the house of a mutual friend. Constance and her sister had driven there together, and strolling in about six o'clock his lordship found as he had anticipated, a room full of visitors, and a babel of tongues all talking at once. Under cover of the noise, he edged his way round to Mrs. Armitage's chair.

"I hardly thought I should get here at all to-day," he confided to her. "I have been bothered with a toothache. I must go to dentist, only I hardly know whom to go to. There's a fellow in Northumberland avenue, but I can't recollect his name. I remember St. Quentin strongly recommended him. You don't recollect who he was, do you?"

The faintest tinge crept over Mrs. Armitage's cheek, the veriest spoiler for an instant. Still, it was more emotion than she usually displayed.

"Really, I don't know, I'm not sure. Mr. Armitage may have called Mr. St. Quentin. I go to Mr. Airlie; we always employ him when anything is wrong."

"That will do, thanks. I must give him a look in. I always an unpleasant necessity going to one's dentist, isn't it? By the way, talking of Mr. St. Quentin, where is he now? I never hear you mention him."

There was no mistake about it now. Constance was evidently much embarrassed and her cheek dropped considerably.

"He is in Constantinople, I believe."

"Is he really? Queer sort of life those beggars lead, Queen's messengers and attaches. But I suppose he likes it."

Mrs. Armitage made no reply. She rose with suspicious alacrity to exchange a handshake with a lady friend at the earliest opportunity made her escape from the vicinity of her tormentor.

"She is right. Trust a woman to ferret out a secret." Lord Hardstock set his teeth closely together. "There is something between them, and it means—mischief."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Dr. Dale was doing well in his profession, so well that Janet suggested their taking a move into a better neighborhood and a more commodious house, but her brother ridiculed the idea. They were very comfortable, why wish to change? Besides, he urged that the greater number of his patients resided in West Kensington, and it would therefore be the height of folly to go elsewhere.

"It always does a medical man harm to change his address," he said, "and in my case there is absolutely nothing to be gained by it."

Janet was provoked, and allowed herself to speak more angrily than was her wont.

"Say at once that you don't intend to leave Miss Baillie's neighborhood," said she, "for I know as well as if you told me in so many words that she is the magnet that keeps you here. Oh, Vivian, how can you be so hoodwinked! That girl means to entrap you into marriage. She is a horrid designing creature and I will never, never call her sister."

"For the simple reason that you will never have the chance," returned Dr. Dale calmly. Angry though he was, not a trace showed itself in voice or manner. "I dare say you will be surprised to learn that I proposed to Miss Baillie before ever she set foot in this house, and that if she had been willing I should have made her my wife months ago."

Janet was surprised. This announcement almost took her breath away. She could hardly believe it possible that a girl in Emily's position should have refused a man such as her brother.

"So you see," continued the doctor, "your unamiable and ungracious conduct to her was certainly uncalled for, and your estimate of her character utterly at fault and most unjustifiable."

Janet had not a word to say, and long after Dr. Dale had betaken himself to his duties she sat and pondered over this mystery of mysteries.

"She is simply coquetting with him then," she reflected, "and has netted a bigger fish. But I can find it easy to forgive her since she does not want to marry Vivian."

A day or two later she returned to her project of moving into a larger house.

"We can well afford it now," she said.

"I don't intend to leave here until the lease is up." Dr. Dale spoke resolutely. "I should be sorry if you thought me mean, and as I am doing fairly well I will buy a brougham—we can share it."

This pleased Janet, who dearly loved ease and comfort, and some moments elapsed ere her disappointment respecting another residence, but she hated Miss Baillie worse than ever, feeling assured that it was entirely on account of her proximity that her brother refused to give up his present house.

The very first visit Dr. Dale paid in his new brougham was to Mrs. Carver.

"I am called over to Hampstead," he said cheerily; "may I take Eva with me? It will be a change for her."

"Oh, she would be a trouble. You don't know what a restless little animal she is, for all the world like a bit of quicksilver."

"Take Miss Baillie too," cried Eva with the triumphant air of one who had solved a knotty point.

Dr. Dale laughed a little consciously. Mrs. Armitage came to the rescue. In her own mind she suspected that there was more in the attachment between the young physician's pupil and her governess than Emi y would allow, and was willing to do everything in her power to further what could not but be a most desirable match, so she rose from her seat saying:

"If you have room for Miss Baillie as well, of course I could have no objection. I will tell her you are here."

Emily was irre-olute. She really did not care to go. The drive to Hampstead had no charm for her. And yet—anything was better than sitting at home moping. The day was bright and clear. S'e would go. Dr. Dale looked well pleased when Miss Baillie appeared ready equipped, carrying Eva's hat and pelisse, and the little party set off in high spirits.

"I believe this little seat was just made for me," cried Eva, bouncing up and down like an india-rubber ball.

"Some such idea occurred to me when I bought it," laughed Vivian," smiled Dr. Dale.

Emily was beside him so close that her knee touched his. Life was very pleasant at that moment. They turned sharply round a corner and meeting Janet, who was out on marketing.

There was no mistaking the expression on her face, although they had but a fleeting glimpse of it. Disgust, surprise, incredulity, were all blended together.

Emily broke into a peal of silvery laughter. "We have all got into the habit now," she said. "Why does your sister dislike me so, Dr. Dale?"

"I think you can guess," bending towards her. "Janet is jealous, I am afraid."

"And yet if it had not been me it would be someone else," thoughtfully. "She cannot expect to keep you with her always."

"But that is what it will end in. Emily, I shall never marry, unless—"

"Unless," echoed she, dreamily. "Ah! who can say what fate holds for us!"

Dr. Dale had been less than man if his pulses had not bounded and his heart leapt within him, for he construed the speaker's words into something very much warmer than they were meant to convey.

Eva created a diversion here by tumbling headlong off her seat, and after she had been rescued and restored to a perpendicular position, the conversation became less personal.

Janet was in a white heat of rage. She had not even known that the brougham had arrived. Dr. Dale had made arrangements for keeping it at the livery stables from which he hired his horse, and she felt it a positive insult that he should have taken Miss Baillie out in her place, the first time it was used. Dr. Dale was not in the least surprised to find her in an abominable temper when he arrived home somewhere about two o'clock.

In solemn silence Janet received him. To his remark that the day was lovely and he had just half an hour to get his lunch, she made no response whatever, whereupon he rang the bell and ordered the meal to be prepared at once. As soon as the servant had left the room and brother and sister were alone, he said quietly:

"I can see that you are angered, Janet, and I am sorry that you should be so. I met Jackson this afternoon outside the house, come to tell me that the brougham had been sent there, so I went round at once, and it ended in my getting into it there with him, and—

"Leaving your inamorata for a drive!" Janet spoke as insolently as she dared.

She told herself that she did well to be angry. Her brother had acted disgracefully, and he should learn that she resented the slight he put upon her, but she was a little astonished at the tone in which he replied to her.

"Janet, we have lived together for some years and I should be sorry for any break in our lives, but from this day you must understand that I will allow no disparagement of the woman I love, and that when you speak slightingly and insultingly of her, I shall be bound to resent it."

"It is a case of 'sober second thought' then? Miss Baillie has reconsidered her decision?"

"That is no way concerns you at present, my dear Janet. Whether she ever becomes my wife or not, she is the one woman in the world I love, and I cannot but feel hurt and resentful if you cannot find it in you to be warm and cordial."

There were tears in Janet's eyes. How changed he was! Never had he spoken so harshly to her before.

"I think you are treating me unfairly," she said. "If this is to be your wife you ought to tell me so, for it would be quite impossible that we could both live here."

"Yes, I think it would be," he answered gravely; "there could be no happiness for yourself nor peace for me while you entertain the malicious feelings you now have against this poor girl. It will relieve you to hear that Miss Baillie has not done me the honor of accepting my offer of marriage—yet."

He left the room as he spoke, and Janet sat lonely and miserable.

"But that is how it will end," she reflected. "She will marry him and I shall have to make a new home for myself. Oh, how I hate her!"

Doctors in general seem to enjoy an immunity from suffering, probably because they cannot spare the time to be ill, and never, during the whole course of his life, had Dr. Dale been laid up for so much as half a day. When, therefore, he came home earlier than was his wont one afternoon, stating that he did not feel very well, Janet looked up anxiously.

He felt giddy, sick, and the pain in his head was intolerable. His sister was alarmed. Surely he was not going to be ill?

"What in the world will all your patients do without you!" said she.

"Get well, most of them," with a feeble attempt at a joke. Poor fellow. It was the last he made for many a long day. He had had several cases lately of typhus fever and was now himself a victim.

Distracted with anxiety, Janet sent for advice, and when she learned the truth burst into tears.

"What am I to do?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Pack your boxes and leave the house. An hysterical woman will only be in the way, and we don't want to have you down with it yourself," said the doctor, who was an old practitioner, and by no means one to console damsels in distress.

"But if he is very ill and likely to be in danger how can I leave him?"

Dr. Carver shrugged his shoulders. "My dear lady, what good could you do by remaining? The fewer people in the house the better. The disease is highly contagious, and if you are going it must be at once or it will not be safe to risk carrying the infection elsewhere."

"I suppose I must obey," said Janet with quivering lips. "You will have a good nurse, doctor."

"Bless the woman, what is she driving at!" he spoke testily. "Does she imagine we are taking the responsibility on her own shoulders without knowing what we are about?"

"But my brother is so particular, he won't like a stranger face about him."

"If he continues in his present state he will be absolutely indifferent to both friends and strangers."

"Is he so very ill?"

"He is. Miss Dale, I give you one hour, no longer. All your preparations must be made by then. Little by little ready for departure."

Janet was an eminently practical woman. Once convinced of the wisdom and necessity of this 'up, she lost no time in futile regrets. And Dr. Dale was left to the care of strangers.

It was a hand-to-hand fight with death. Nothing but his superb constitution pulled him through. Every morning Janet came for a bulletin, and it was always the same: "No change."

A charwoman had been installed in place of the neat housemaid and cook, who had both fled incontinently on hearing what the doctor was suffering from, and this doleful die-away personage took a melancholy pleasure in making the most of everything. She was middle-aged, with a fat red face wrinkled and creased, and soft moist hands, which she patted together softly, the one over the other, when she talked.

Her she irritated poor Janet no words could say. She would have liked to have heard from the nurse's own lips how her brother was progressing, but that was impossible. Dr. Carver did not wish her to go to the house even to make inquiries, but Janet could not rest. Vivian was all she had in the world to love her, and if he died what was to become of her! But Dr. Dale did not die. Little by little he struggled back to life and consciousness, the wraith of what he had been. So gaunt, so worn, he looked ten years older.

"You'll pick up, sir, by and by," said the nurse, with a laudative wish to console and cheer. "Rome weren't built in a day, which to my thinking is a silly saying, for who in their sober senses ever supposed it was? It'll take a week or two to put flesh on your bones; you must just be patient."

It is so easy to talk. Most of us make admirable preachers, but when the point at issue concerns ourselves it becomes quite another matter.

Dr. Dale sighed impatiently. Convalescence is a weary time, and to one so little accustomed to illness as the doctor it was irksome in the extreme. Little by little he grew stronger, he came back, each day saw some slight improvement, however trivial, and just a month from the day on which Dr. Carver had been summoned to his bedside he was able to go away for change of air, accompanied by Janet.

(To be Continued.)

Striking a Bargain.

"Vat you scharge for dis child on de train?"

"Nothing, as he's under five years."

"But he take oop a seat schoost like I vas."

"Oh, well, we lose that."

"Say, mon mooch you take off my ticket of I leave me kid at home?"

Knew His Little Game.

Mr. Courter (to her little brother)—Now, my nice little man, come and tell me how old you are.

Her Little Brother—I know yer; sister's twenty-six.

Ladies Beware!

And see the word "Health" is plainly stamped on the vests you buy when asking for the

"HEALTH BRAND"

There is such a large sale for these goods now, that they are being imitated, and your protection is this trade mark.

For Spring and Summer wear some beautiful new styles and special light weights have been produced.

Every first-class store has them for sale.

A CLEAN SHIRT

will do more towards making a man appear well than anything in his dress. A shirt front may make or mar a man

LINEN WASHED

in the Sunlight way with

Sunlight Soap

will be as white as snow, without hard rubbing, without washing powders, without hot steam and smell, and without injury to the clothes or hands.

Millions of Women are now using "Sunlight" for every purpose of the household. You try it.

Hard to Prescribe.

Attendant—The living skeleton is sick.

Manager—Great heavens! What ails him?

Attendant—He's got a pain, but he's so thin the doctors don't know whether it's cramps or backache.

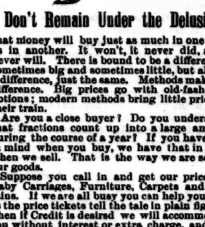
(From *Modern Truth*, London, Eng.)

"We recommend this truly wonderful remedy—St. Jacobs Oil—to every one who is suffering from pain. We are personally acquainted with many marvellous cures effected by its use." While the above is from *Modern Truth*, it is an ancient fact that for the cure of pain St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

Did not Affect the Market.

Isaac Levy—Let me dell you, mine frendt, ve are selling dose chinchilly coats at de same price as before der chinchilly affair in Vashington.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress length at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well-fit ting gown should inspect our stock.



Don't Remain Under the Delusion

that money will buy just as much in one place as in another. It won't, it never did, and it never will. There is bound to be a difference—sometimes big and sometimes little, but always a difference, just the same. Methods make the difference. Big prices go with old-fashioned notions; modern methods bring little prices in their train.

Are you a close buyer? Do you understand that fractions count up into a large amount during the course of a year? If you have that in mind when you buy, we have that in mind when we sell. That is the way we are selling our goods.

Suppose you call in and get our prices on Baby Carriages, Furniture, Carpets and Curtains. If we are all busy you can help yourself, as the price-tickets tell the tale in plain figures. Then if Credit is desired we will accommodate you without interest or extra charge, and will do our utmost to suit you as regards terms. Can any firm do more?

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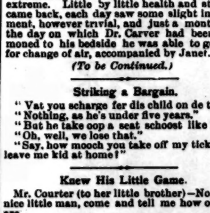
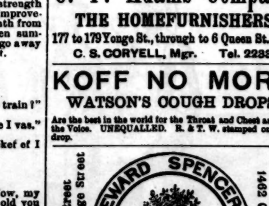
Are the best in the world for the Throat and Chest and for the Voice. UNEQUALLED. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.





An Artful Maiden.

There could be no doubt that Miss Kittie Buller ("of the Principal Music Halls, Herself her Only Parallel, Agents Hawkins and Wynne, York Road") was a clever and diverting young person. Her popularity wherever she appeared was considerable. When at the Folies Bergere, she was referred to as "La Funny Englisch Comic." When she convulsed audiences in London the advertisements called her the successful Chanteuse Excentrique. The newspaper opinions were unanimous. The *Sporting Mugwump* said: "Miss Kittie Buller is a fair cough-drop." The *Moon* said: "Miss Kittie Buller is a bewitching young person, and clearly takes the cake." And the *Bayswater Magpie* remarked, in the course of a long and appreciative notice, that Miss Buller was a perfect furore.

As the furore sat in her rooms in Doughty Street, Bloomsbury (economically lodged was Kittie, for she saved money), sipping her morning cup of chocolate, she seemed a shade less lively than usual. Under her curly fringe of brown hair there was a temporary but sufficiently distinct furrow of thought. It looked very much out of place, this temporary furrow of thought; for its present patroness had much to induce her to assume an aspect of joy. In a month's time she should shout her Swan Song at the music-halls. A quiet wedding, and then as Mrs. Herbert Easelton she would embark on a life of dignity and peace. Herbert Easelton was a very decent sort of fellow, as fellows go. Certainly he painted vague, misty landscapes for which nobody craved in the least; but, as compensation, he himself thought a good deal of them. Kittie, because she was much in love, also considered them triumphs of art, and said they were quite too trottie for words.

For the twentieth time Kittie Buller, leaning back in the chair, with her forehead still wrinkled, kicked her loose slipper in the air, and, for the eighteenth time, on her silken-stockinged toe caught it. A double knock at the street door made her jump up. She called over the bannisters:

"Is that a telegram for me, Mrs. Munro?"

"No, miss; it's only a advertisement from the draper's!"

Kittie muttered something harsh about the draper and his ways, and then ran into her bedroom. In a few minutes she reappeared, dressed to go out. The disturbing fact that Herbert had not as usual called and that no explanatory telegram had arrived, did not permit her to forget that she had to rehearse a new song. She kissed the portrait of her sweetheart and went downstairs.

"Is there——"

"No, miss; not yet," sang out the landlady.

As soon as she reached the hall, Kittie hurried to the office. There, also, was no telegram. With just a suspicion of a tear in her eye, she went to rehearse a new and merry song:

When you've finished up a glass or two of grog,
Get another, yet another.
When your watch and chain get borrowed in a fog,
Get another, get another.
When your wife's mamma is rude and a change will do her good,
Get another, dear chaps, get another.

Thus on the stage, in the murky, mid-day light, did Kitty to a sleepy, unkempt orchestra sing. She sang it three times, danced three times, the band showing, if each time obvious and palpable signs of improvement; and then she tried through her funny imitations of a *café-chanfant* girl, and made the band laugh like anything.

"Are you sure there isn't one there?" said Kittie, trying to crane her neck round the half-opened door; "have you looked among the B's?"

"Course I've looked among the B's," said the old commissionaire in charge, with some dignity. "D'ye think I've been a-looking through the applecands?" Kittie turned away.

"Wife a bit, miss"—in an injured tone—"wife a bit. Don't be in a 'urry. Wot's this?"

A small telegraph boy was sauntering through the corridor. "Nime of Buller?" Kittie clutched at the telegram impatiently and tore it open. "Can not see you to-day. Have excellent news. Will try to write to-morrow.—HERBERT."

Kittie gave a little sob, crushed a little flimsy pink sheet into her muff, and stood for a moment undecided. Then she took from her purse a dozen pieces of silver and looked at them. They were nearly all heads, and she went out and hailed a hansom. "Burlington Studio, Langham place."

Kittie knocked at the door of the studio with the handle of her parasol.

"My dear Kittie," said the good-looking young fellow (hair brushed over the forehead a shade too much and a trace of weakness about the chin) who opened the door, "why, I wired you and——"

"I know, dear Bert, but I couldn't understand."

Then Miss Kittie Buller—*chanteuse excentrique*, fair cough-drop, taker of cake, and furore—did a very silly thing. She fell into Herbert Easelton's arms and fainted. When she recovered she was in the large worn armchair near the well littered table, and Herbert was standing near.

"How absurd of you, Kittie!" he said testily, and a little awkwardly. "It always gives a chap the dumps to see a girl fainting about, don't you know. Such capital news, too, I've got. Perhaps I'd better not tell you if you feel at all off color."

"Tell me," said Kittie.

"You'd never guess. I reckon I've just about hit the bull's-eye this time. It's in all the art columns. Look here." Herbert took up an evening paper of the previous day's date, and read:

"It is sometimes complained that our young artists are not sufficiently encouraged by those to whom the world has given gold. There are, it seems, exceptions. A young artist, whose name we have not hitherto found appreciation (a disciple of Corot), has through the firm of Tablou & Co., of Old Bond Street, just sold two pictures for fifteen hundred pounds. The titles of the works are 'A Cloudy Evening and Mist in Hyde Park.' The artist's name is Mr. Herbert Easelton."

"There!" said Herbert, with a kind of nervous joy—"what do you think of that, my little twenty-pounds-a-weeker—eh?"

"I call it good business," said Kittie, with a smile. "Can't we drink the health of the new R. A.?"

Herbert went to a cabinet, brought the liquor-stand, and poured out some brandy. Added to it from a syphon.

"Success to Mr. Herbert Easelton," he cried.

"Success to Mrs. Herbert Easelton," cried Kittie.

Herbert stopped. There was a silence broken at last by a nervous little laugh from Kittie.

"Well?"

"Kittie, I think I ought—I ought to be quite frank with you. I hope you—I hope you won't mind what I am going to say. You know when we arranged to get married, I had never thought of such a solid success as this. They were saying last night at the Hogarth that there was really no reason why I shouldn't get on splendidly, if I took sufficient pains."

("Yes, you must take sufficient pains," whispered poor Kitty, with her muff to her lips.)

"So I've been thinking that I ought to get you to release me. I must be cleverer even than I thought, don't you know, or I shouldn't be selling pictures for fifteen hundred pounds, and it might do me a lot of harm if it got wind that I was going to marry——"

"Miss Kittie Buller of the Principal Music Halls," said the voice behind the muff.

"That's just it, my dear—that's the point. I'm so glad you look at the matter so sensibly. You see, this fifteen-hundred-pound business is only the beginning. I'm bound to get on more. And if you don't mind——"

"Do I understand," said Kitty very quietly, "that you'd rather not disgrace yourself by marrying me?"

"My dear, that's rather a hard way of putting it. It's my altered prospects, don't you know, and all that sort of thing, and matters——"

"Do I understand," repeated Kittie firmly, "that you'd rather not marry me?"

"Well, dear—well—yes—that's about it."

Miss Kittie Buller rose from the arm chair. Miss Kittie Buller swept her long-handled parasol across the table, and the tumblers, palettes, and liquor-stand went down with a crash on the floor. A little twitch and wiggle of the body and she wrested from her pocket a letter, flutfered this same letter out on the table, took up her muff, strode to the door, and, with a choke, said: "Read that!" Herbert took it up:

("Private.) OLD BOND STREET, W.

"DEAR MADAM.—We beg to acknowledge receipt of your check for £1,500 (fifteen hundred pounds) for the two paintings by Mr. Herbert Easelton entitled "A Cloudy Evening" and "Mist in Hyde Park." We await the favor of your further orders, and beg to assure you that in all transactions your name shall, as you desire, be kept secret.

"Your obedient servants,
"TABLOU & CO.

"Miss Katherine Buller."

Mr. Herbert Easelton turned very white and said "Damn!"

A moneyed person from Australia read the paragraph in the papers. Moneyed people wanted to buy pictures to take home. Did not mind what sort of pictures, providing they cost a good deal. Went to Tablou & Co., did moneyed persons; met there Miss Buller; bought the pictures; married Miss Buller; took her back home to be the popular mayoress of a populous town in New South Wales. Easelton is writing libels on successful artists in a new stepmay paper. So that he, too, is doing well.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Fido Was An Expensive Passenger.

A lady boarded a street car the other evening with a pet dog which was slightly over-grown. His paws were covered with mud, and he seemed to be on springs.

"Madam," said the conductor, "you will have to leave that dog on the platform; it is against the rules of the company to allow dogs in the cars."

"I don't care if it is. He shall not ride on the platform. He is not feeling just right this evening, and it would be inhuman to put him out in the cold," returned the lady.

"A number of gentlemen are out there."

"Gentlemen! Why, I smelled whiskey and tobacco smoke when I passed them. You don't suppose I would put my Fido on a level with them, do you?"

"If the dog stays in here I will suffer."

"You need have no fears on that score. If Fido does anything wrong you may hold me responsible for it."

The conductor here started to collect his fares, and Fido at the same time concluded to give an exhibition of his friskiness. The first thing he did was to jump upon the lap of an elderly lady who wore a new black silk dress.

"Get away! get away, you brute!" she exclaimed, as the dog began to poke his nose into her face

"Come, Fido, don't disturb the lady," said his mistress, and the dog jumped down and came back to her. But he apparently liked new black silk, for in a moment later he was again up in the lap of its wearer. She pushed him to the floor, and, glancing down, saw a dozen marks upon the front breadth of the dress left by the dog's paws. Indignantly she arose, gave Fido her seat, and called the attention of his mistress to the fact that her dress was ruined.

"Well, collect your damage from the company," was the tantalizing reply.

The matter was laid before the officers of the company, and they, without hesitation, assumed responsibility for the damage done.

A Case for Compromise.

As she lay trembling in the darkness she was just as sure there were burglars in the dining-rooms downstairs as that she was scared pretty nearly out of her wits.

"John!" she gasped.

He paused in the third quarter of a snore and awoke with a start.

"Wha-whatcher want?" he crossly demanded.

Placing her pallid lips close to his ear she whispered a single word.

"Burglars!"

A tremor might have been observed to run through his frame. He did not rise, however.

"John!"

"My—my dear."

"Ain't you going down?"

"I think not."

At the moment a gentle clinking of silverware was plainly to be heard.

"John."

The answer was quite inarticulate.

"Haven's you always said that it would go hard with a burglar who had the nerve to break into your house?"

"Huh."

"Haven't you insisted that if he escaped without being chewed up he would be very fortunate?"

It seemed as if a glass or two must have been swept off the dining-room table below.

"Alice."

There was absolutely no reply.

"I've been thinking, Alice, since you woke me."

"Indeed?"

"It just occurs to me, my love, that my life insurance policy expired to-day."

The door from the dining-room into the front hall was heard to creak on its hinges.

"Alice, I can't bear to think of leaving you to struggle alone in the world."

To judge from the sound, various articles were being placed in a sack, presumably for facility in transportation.

"My love, I am convinced that this is a case for compromise. If those people stop right where they are and go quietly away now, I am disposed to be lenient."

Very distinctly they heard the front door open and close, after which stealthy footsteps sounded from the street.

"They've got everything," she moaned, "everything."

"They would certainly have got into trouble," he declared decisively, "if they hadn't stopped right where they were."

To his friends next day he wondered how thieves could get away with so much plunder and not awaken a single member of the family.

She had Considered.

He—Oh, it's just his money! I don't see how you can stand a man with a nose as red as a danger signal.

She—It's not. Besides—it would be different if I were a blonde; but any shade of red goes very nicely with my complexion.

He Knew.

First class in botany.

Teacher—Boddy, what is moss?

Bobby—It's what rolling stones don't gather, ma'am.

No Time to Lose.

First Hospital Surgeon—Will it be necessary to set that man's arm over again?

Second Hospital Surgeon—Well, I should say so. Why, the man will be well in a week if we don't.

Her First Cake.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar too; and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly and to add a little bit
Of baking-powder, which, you know, beginners oft on it.
Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.
E. L. SILVERNER.

"Glacier" Window Decoration, the Substitute for Stained Glass

WHAT IT IS

The "Glacier" Decoration is a thin, transparent material like gelatine, stained or colored to represent stained glass. Unlike gelatine, however, it is insoluble in water. It will withstand heat, cold or moisture.

Any person can have the effect of stained glass produced in durable material on any window in perfect taste at a cost varying according to design of from 25c. to 75c. per square foot, including time, material and all charges.

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$700.00 IN PRIZES to Those Who Send in Correct Answer to This Rebus

For the first correct answer received and opened at our office we will give a handsome DRAWING-ROOM SUITE, value $100, and a prize valued at $25 to the next five correct answers. To the person sending in the 50th correct answer we will give a gentleman's GOLD WATCH, value, $75. And to the 100th correct answer we will give a lady's 18 kt. GOLD WATCH, value $40. To the next 25 correct answers prizes in value from $5 to $25. Next 50, prizes in value from $2 to $10. And to the person sending in the 600th correct answer a $50 Dominion of Canada Bill. And to the person sending in last correct answer a solid silver TEA SET, value $50.

WE WILL GIVE $20 PER DAY AWAY IN SPECIAL PRIZES

and announce the winners' names every day in the papers. For the first correct answer received at our office every day (except Sunday) during this competition we will give the winners the choice of the following prizes: A Marble Clock, a Lady's Oak Secretary or a Handsome Set of Dickens' or Thackeray's Works in cloth and gold.

RULES:

Every answer must be accompanied by one dollar, for which we will send you a handsome design of the "Glacier" and a bottle of "Glacier Cement" to affix it with. The design alone is worth the money and may be used as a panel for a window, hall door or screen.

Every winner of the daily prize must secure us two patrons each for our "Glacier."
On May 2nd those who are entitled to prizes will receive them.
The Special Daily Prize will, of course, be distributed each day.
Competition closes April 30th. Prize winners' names will be published on May 2nd, 1892.

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Sold by all Reliable Druggists

NO { VAN-DAL-INE / ARSENIC / DEPILATION / SCOLLEST / BUNEGO

is better (sometimes) than a hairy face, and especially so in the case of LADIES. Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair follicle. Perfectly Harmless. Wonderfully Effective. Price 50 Cents

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Makes the Weak Strong

For Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Debility

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alterative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

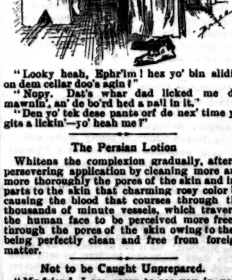
"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists

Has cured others, will cure you

A Warning.



"Looky heah, Ephr'im! hex yo' bin alidin' on dem collar dos'n agin!"

"Nopy. Dat's whar dad licked me dis mawnin', an' de bo'rd hed a nail in it."

"Den yo' tek dese pants orf de nex' time yo' gits a lickin'—yo' heah me?"

The Persian Lotion

Whitens the complexion gradually, after a persevering application by cleaning more and more thoroughly the pores of the skin and imparts to the skin that charming rosy color by causing the blood that courses through the thousands of minute vessels, which traverse the human face to be perceived more freely through the pores of the skin owing to their being perfectly clean and free from foreign matter.

Not to be Caught Unprepared.

"My friend, I am sorry to see you in your present state. Turn aside before it is too late. Do not the horrors of *delirium tremens* terrify you?"

"*Delirium tremens* be hanged; I married a snake charmer."

ONE CHANCE ONLY

Well, I have done all I can and I think he is over the worst stages of the disease, BUT, said the DOCTOR, you know the greatest danger comes from the weak condition in which La Grip has left him. However, there is ONE CHANCE MORE, try **ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED.** It is a wonderful, stimulating, nutritive Tonic and Food and has never failed me yet. Send around quick; it can be got at any DRUG STORE.

He—Why doesn't that English girl come on deck, and be wooed by the breezes, too?

She—Her mother won't let her. She heard the captain say this was a trade wind.

March of Civilization.

He—You know we have a fine idea in China; they kill all the girl babies, and give them to the hogs.

She—Ah! And here the girls are not given to the hogs till they have grown up.

Learn All About Cancer

Our pleasant home treatment requires neither knife nor plaster and completely eradicates the disease from the system.

Send 6 cents for full particulars.

STOTT & JURY
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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Novels at the Public Library.

The object of the Toronto Public Library is supposed to be the dissemination of knowledge or the enlightenment of mankind. At least this is the general presumption. There are tomes and tomes of scientific works there. The histories of many nations are there. If a man wants to be can there procure knowledge of a man's mind, and leave his body undiscovered; or read about man's body before he had a mind at all; in fact, all the knowledge of the world is there for him. But is it not distressing? There, in the reverend walls that contain Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and Heredotus' imaginative traveler's yarns, are countless volumes of modern fiction! Think of it! The space that these instruments of the devil occupy might easily be filled with the cloth-bound soul-worrynigs of beardless Oxonians. What discredit it throws on the pretensions of the institution that there are several copies of Oliver Twist in constant circulation, whereas the writer who wonders through seven hundred pages whether life is worth living and decides for the negative at last, lies unread.

It is a truth that it is impossible to hide, that there are some few hundred young men in Toronto who work hard all day and go home to a cheerless boarding-house to supper and afterwards spend the hours, when they might be playing cards or enjoying many varieties of the drunken orgy, in reading fiction. In the "wee, sma' hours," when they might be rearing about the streets or in the police-cells waiting for bail, they sit up to read The Mill on the Floss. And inquiry has revealed the fact that there are shop girls in the city who commit the crime of reading The Duchess. Shall this state of things continue? In this enlightened age, are men and women to be allowed to learn something of their fellow-men in the present and past through the pernicious agency of the novel, when Hume's History of England is free to all at the library, and Kant's Critique of Human Reason may be procured? Thank heaven, the abuse which allows the circulation of thousands of volumes of fiction in Toronto will not long continue, the temple will soon no longer be polluted, for has not D. A. O'Sullivan, I.L.D., introduced a resolution for the restriction of fiction reading at the Public Library?

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.

THIS week's engagement of Julia Marlowe, at the Grand, is one of the brightest events of the theatrical season. As heretofore, Toronto has had but an opportunity to judge of her abilities as a comedienne, although Miss Marlowe is said to have added several tragic *roles* to her repertoire. But most of us would rather see a comedy than a tragedy. There is that in us, in these *fin de siecle* times when our blood runs slower than it did in the good days of Elizabeth, when but philosophers are, most of them, quite uncertain that this life is worth living, when an inertia has seized the minds of thinkers, great and lesser, that prevents a profound interest in the varying passions that go to make a great tragedy. The dramatic appetites of the thinking public of to-day might be in a wide sense divided as for peaches and pastorals. Most plays of the day, if they in any sense possess dignity or call for respect, are rooted on one of these two grounds. Perhaps these two fundamental dramatic features are not new to drama; quite ancient perhaps. Here is the problem of Hamlet, the puzzle of Othello, and the most venerable of problems treated in Romeo and Juliet, but as was said before, these days are not the good old days, and the tragedy-characters of 1892 have no love for blood-shedding. The spirit of song and pastoral and joy never changes, however, and As You Like It, Twelfth Night and Much Ado About Nothing are to-day as much a balm for sorrow and worry and weariness as ever they were.

Apropos of pastorals, is it not interesting that after a life of ungratified ambition to be a dramatic writer, Alfred Tennyson's last public appearance perhaps before the most mysterious disappearance which comes to all, should be as a play-writer? The laureate has gone back to the romances that have delighted all the youth of England. On Thursday night at Daly's Theater John Drew, the erstwhile Orlando of Arden, became the dashing Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, and the much beloved Rosalind, Ada Rehan, the laughing Maid Marian. What success Tennyson's The Foresters will make as a play it is at present impossible to know. The great poet's tragedies were sombre and uninteresting, but a pastoral comedy by him is likely to be characterized by all the delicacy and poetry and sweetness that have flowed from his pen. Whether the comedy will be a greater dramatic success or even confer a greater sense of delight to the on-looker than the comic-opera, Robin Hood, which is now being presented by the Bostonians, is doubtful. Poetry of diction and beautiful thoughts are apt to go unappreciated on the stage. There is no chance for re-reading. The action goes on and the incidents must receive more attention than the mere language. Poetry in a drama is the poetry of incident—such innate poetry as characterizes Rosalind's wooing. Let us hope that the laureate has made a play with enough of the poetry of incident to hold the interest of every on-looker, and with a poetry and grace of diction which shall act as a crystal preservative to The Foresters for years to come. Sir Arthur Sullivan has written music for it, at any rate, which will live.

*

Another character, with the freshness of rural Virginia about him, has been given to the stage this week. That gentleman of the old school, Col. Carter of Cartersville, whom we first met in the pages of the *Century*, is on the boards at Palmer's Theater, New York. His creator, the author-artist, F. Hopkinson Smith, has been aided by Augustus Thomas in placing him on the stage. Whether the genial old colonel has lost anything in dramatic presentation I have not heard, but it is unlikely that he will suffer any diminution of his qualities at the hands of the author of the best of modern pastoral dramas, Alabama.

*

Next week De Wolf Hopper will present his well known comic opera-extravaganza, Wang, which ran for three months in New York and three nights in the Grand, and during the last half of the week Joseph Murphy will come, bringing reminiscences of the days when you and I were young, my old friends. At the Academy Helen Barry will present a comedy entitled A Night's Frolic. She is surrounded by a very capable company, which, I believe, includes the splendid actress, Mary Shaw, who supported Julia Marlowe on her last visit to

Helen Barry as the French Chasseur.

Toronto. Helen Barry, by the way, gave the original English production of Camille and of Boucicault's Led Astray, to which latter play she owns the English rights. Her leading man, J. H. Gilmore, is a Canadian and a famous stock company man.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

One hundred and fifty medical students attended a performance of Evangeline in Philadelphia recently. The visit was suggested as a help to their practical study of anatomy.

A. W. Pinero says that "the most desirable scenic expedient is that which does not arouse derision by its imperfection or wonderment by its fidelity, but which simply serves as a background for the actor."

Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse are at work on an operetta for De Wolf Hopper, that will, they believe, eclipse Wang. He thinks, at present, that he will not only present his new operetta there, but also revive The Lady and the Tiger, and The Beggar Student.

Marie Wainwright and her manager, Julian Magnus, have already received more than sixty plays in response to their announcement that they were ready to consider the work of native dramatists. At least one American play will be produced by Miss Wainwright next season.

It is related that an actor who applied to a manager for an engagement, wrote a note saying, "I enclose a cutting from a newspaper to show you that I have some aptitude for the stage." The cutting was as follows: "The prisoner, who denied the charge, conducted his own case and defended himself in a somewhat dramatic manner."

Rosina Vokes says: "I do not care so much about the size of an audience, but I don't want it to be unsympathetic. Now and then there comes an audience which refuses to give even a titter at the jokes in my soliloquies. It is no laughing matter to have to say funny things for ten minutes at a stretch, with not a pause for breath, because nobody has 'caught on.' Such audiences are very few, but I would prefer that there should not be any."

THE ACTOR'S ART.

One day, while I was killing time with dreams,
My fairy god-one suddenly flashed in.
"My son," she questioned, "what profession seems
Most to your taste and temperament akin?"
"I know not; orators are born, not made;
I cannot sculpture, doctor, dance or sing;
I do not paint; I have no turn for trade;
I cannot play the flute, or anything;
Crowded are pulpit, army, navy, bar;
Born fools alone in literature engage.
I'm not political, as others are—
And so, I think, I'll go upon the stage."
Quoth she: "A sillier choice could ne'er befall;
Know that the actor's art combines them all."

ALBERT EDMUND LANCASTER.

One of Francis Wilson's chorus girls is credited with the invention of the following scenes for a farce-comedy: "A party of settlers in a stockade, surrounded by Indians and a blinding snow storm. The crack of rifles, the gloom of night, the howl of wolves, and the yells of the red men strike terror into the women. In the midst of a fierce attack by the Indians, the soubrette turns around to her companions and gleefully remarks, 'Ha! Some one has left a piano in the hut. I will sing my latest song for you.'" This would be clever were it new. Years ago a famous tenor traveling with a dramatic company wished to introduce a song in a scene laid in a wild forest. So he worked in this speech: "How can I sing without a pianoforte? [Looking off.] Ha! there is one, probably left by a former settler." Stage hands pushed it in, and the tenor sat down and played and warbled.

Charles Frohman has made Nelson Wheatcroft an offer to originate the leading role in Bronson Howard's new play, that is to be produced on an elaborate scale, and with an especially engaged cast at Palmer's, New York, next fall. Mr. Wheatcroft looks upon the offer with favor, but he has not yet signed. The actor has definitely decided to remain in New York. He and his wife, Adelaide Stanhope, have had enough of "roading." They will leave the Pitou Stock Company on the best terms with its manager. Mr. Wheatcroft will probably be associated with Franklin Sargent in the Academy of Dramatic Art, at the Berkeley Lyceum, and he will also resume his private instruction in acting. He has a four-act play written by himself and George Backus that will entail a big production when it is ready. He hopes that it will be staged early next season in either New York or Boston. It is a romantic melodrama.

The English papers are just now divided over the origin of the popular chorus, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-e, or as it is known in the English music halls, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay. The *Music Hall*, which certainly ought to know, denies *Truth's* statement that Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay is a negro hymn. On the contrary, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay is a Continental melody—a peasant march as old as the hills on the slopes of which it is sung. Servia, Roumania, Hungary, and the southern corner of Russia form the locality of the song's birth, but the date of that birth has disappeared, and the register of ages knows it not. Emigrants took the tune to St. Louis, and from St. Louis it was grafted only recently into the Tuxedo operetta. One of the earliest published copies of the song, Ta ra-ra Boom-de-e, appears to have come into the possession of Miss Lottie Collins, who called in the aid of Mr. Richard Morton to write her a new version. This was done, and the title Anglicized and simplified into Boom-de ay, the now accepted rendering. Just now the air is as prevalent as the influenza, and a good many people are equally anxious for the departure of both.

Apropos of Isabelle Urquhart's success in London and her recent departure for Australia, the New York *Press* tells the following amusing story: "On account of the faultless lines of her figure, as well as the classic perfection of her face, Belle Urquhart was much sought after by artists to pose. She never accepted pay as a professional model, but being good-natured and fond of studio atmosphere, she very frequently sat for some painters with whom she was acquainted. On one occasion, some five or six years ago, she consented to the entreaties of a young sculptor for a cast of her form. At the appointed hour she arrived in the studio, and in due time her body was lying swathed in a shapeless mass of plaster weighing several hundred pounds. During the drying period the sculptor bade Miss Urquhart lie perfectly still, and, locking the studio door, hurried to an adjacent caterer's to order a luncheon sent up. On the way back, an old print-shop attracted his attention, and with the absent-mindedness usual to artists, he entirely forgot about his model, his cast, and his luncheon. Meanwhile, the young opera singer was lying helpless in the studio. The mass of plaster by which she was enveloped was so heavy that she could move neither hand nor foot. At first she was amused at the unusual predicament, but presently she began to realize its discomforts. One of the properties of plaster of paris is to shrink in the process of drying; another characteristic is the heat it emits as the liquid mass becomes solidified. As is customary in preparing models for a cast Miss Urquhart was carefully greased before the fluid plaster was poured over her. The heat of the grease and plaster, combined with the natural warmth of her body, soon transformed the huge matrix into a Turkish bath. Miss Urquhart, who was not at that time banting, felt painfully that she was losing several pounds of flesh, which she had no wish to part with. To increase her discomfiture, the mould, which at first fitted her comfortably, now began to shrink, until the frightened girl felt herself in a vise from which there was no escape. By this time the waiter had arrived at the studio with luncheon, and, after rapping at the door and hearing no response, sat down on the stairway to await the sculptor's return. Miss Urquhart heard the knocking and tried to call for assistance, but the matrix had shrunk so much that she could scarcely breathe, much less obtain the full respiration necessary for screaming. Overcome by the horror of her situation, she finally fainted. On his return the sculptor was terrified to find her, as he imagined, dead. Hastily seizing a hammer he chipped off the matrix and extricated the woman. The cast was irrevocably spoiled. But neither the luncheon nor the sculptor's persuasions could induce Isabelle Urquhart to have another cast made of the most perfect form that was ever seen on the New York stage."

Miss Mattie Mitchell, the fair American who wedded the Duke de la Rochefoucauld at the church of Sainte Clotilde, Paris, on February 11, despite the opposition of several members of the Duke's family, is pretty, petite, and of the type sometimes described as a "pocket Venus." She and the Duke met six years ago. It was a case of love at first sight. Being true love, its course, naturally, did not run smooth. The parents on both sides objected, but the lovers were loyal enough for an Adelphi dramatist, and won at last. The Duke is a captain, and was stationed in Algiers when he met Miss Mitchell. He is not as wealthy as a regulation duke ought to be, but he will have enough after he marries the trim little daughter of the Oregon millionaire and the United States senator. He is about forty years of age. President and Madame Carnot attended at the wedding. Mr. Hirsch, the United States Minister to Turkey, presented the bride with a set of superb sables, and other friends sent presents of considerable value. The jewels alone are valued at $20,000.

'Varsity Chat.

THE annual crisis in the history of the Literary and Scientific Society came to hand with lunar regularity on Friday evening last in St. Andrew's Hall. The free and independent were out in large force and every man shouted for himself, his principles and his party. The "Old Roman" correspondence was the subject of a great mental upheaval. The most serious part of this whole matter is the fact that the rank and file have seriously looked upon it as serious. The writer of the letters signed "Old Roman," I have no doubt, calculated on stirring things up and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done so. I admire a man who stirs up a row. To my subject again. The parties this year are known as the Alma Mater men and University Unionists. The former want the society to deal with literary and scientific subjects only, while the latter favor the idea of the society embracing every topic bearing on University life. With their principles thus rolled up the smoke of battle began. The retiring president, Mr. H. E. Irwin, B. A., was re-nominated, but gracefully declined to stand. Mr. A. T. DeLury, B. A., was then duly elected president as the representative of both parties and everybody else. The voting for the other officers took place all last night with the following as candidates, the Alma Mater men being given first: First vice-president, Mr. W. R. P. Parker, Mr. E. A. Henry; second vice-president, Mr. C. A Moss, Mr. W. E. Lingle-bach; third vice-president, Mr. H. Ke'chum, Mr. J. L. Murry; recording secretary, Mr. P. S. Mackenzie, Mr. R. W. Walks; treasurer, Mr. W. H. Moore, Mr. G. H. Levy; curator, Mr. N. McDougall, Mr. J. D. Phillips; correspondinc secretary, Mr. A. L. McAllister, Mr. W. A. Buck; historical secretary, Mr. H. Moore, Mr. H. E. Sampson; secretary of committees, Mr. W. B. Hendry, Mr. John Ross; fourth year councillor, Mr. G. W. Orton, Mr. J. W. McKenzie; third year councillor, Mr. R. W. Dickey, Mr. T. Blythe; second year councillor, Mr. F. D. Richardson. Mr. E. M. Lawson; representatives (two) from the School of Practical Science, Mr. J. Shields, Mr. H. Rolph, Mr. W. V. Taylor, Mr. J. S. Doble.

*

The following have been elected officers of the Classical Association for the year 1892-93: Fourth year—president, Mr. D. A. Glassey; councillor, Mr. M. M. Hart. Third year—first vice-president, Mr. W. H. Howell; secretary, Mr. D. M. Duncan. Second year—second vice-president, Mr. L. Brown; treasurer, Mr. L. Cosse. A first year councillor will be chosen next October.

*

Mr. D. J. Armour, B.A., presided at the annual meeting of the cricketers last week. There was a good attendance of lovers of the game and the officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Sir Daniel Wilson; first vice-president, Mr. D. J. Armour, B.A.; second vice-president, Mr. W. H. Bunting, '92; secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. E. McLaughlin, '92; captain, Mr. O. P. Edgar, '92; committee, Messrs. A. Montgomery, '92, S. Casey Wood, '92, W. W. Jones, '93, P. E. McKenzie, '93, M. Lash, '94, W. A. Gilmour, '94, G. Clayes, '95, J. Falconbridge, '95; curator, Mr. A. Dobell, '95.

*

A splendid record and a good financial standing describes in brief the Association Football Club, whose annual meeting was held the other day, Mr. J. C. Breckenridge presiding. The officers elect are: Hon. president, Prof. R. Ramsay Wright; president, Mr. J. C. Breckenridge, acclamation; vice-president, Mr. D. M. Duncan, acclamation; secretary, A. F. Edwards, acclamation; treasurer, Mr. A. R. Goldie; councillors—'93, Messrs. B. A. Moore and L. Norman; '94 W. R. Lingelbach and G. D. Porter; '95, W. C. Chalsegreen and J. P. Doherty; curator, Mr. C. S. Cameron. For captain, Mr. W. P. Thompson, B. A., was elected by acclamation. On Friday evening of last week Mr. Thomson and Mr. Breckenridge, on behalf of the club, presented Mr. Charles Baird of the Scots club with an oxydized silver cigar box on the evening of his departure for Chicago. Charlie was a favorite with the 'Varsity boys.

*

Rugby matters will be under the management of the following men next fall: President, Mr. R. K. Barker, '92; manager, Mr. D. J. Armour, B.A.; captain, Mr. W. H. Bunting, '92; sec.-treas., Mr. M. Lash, '95; committee, Messrs. W. R. P. Parker and L. Aubrey Moore, '93, K. D. McMillan and W. Laidlaw, '94, G. Clayes and M. Lash, '95; team committee, Messrs. Bunting, Parker and Armour.

*

In the modern language club important alterations will be made in the plan of work, and every effort will be put forth to make the work of the society during the coming year beneficial in every respect. The committee entrusted with these good intentions is made up as follows: Honorary president, Mr. J. H. Cameron, B.A.; president, Mr. O. J. Stevenson; vice-president, Mr. W. E. Lingelbach; second vice-president, Miss C. E Jeffrey; secretary, Mr. Hyland; treasurer, Mr. Henry; councillors, Mr. R. S. Jenkins and Misses Durand and Rowson.

*

The gymnasium scheme is at last assuming definite shape, and in the course of a year or two we may expect to have a fine building where we may keep sound our bodies whilst we are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. At a mass meeting of the students a gymnasium committee was elected as follows: Arts: Messrs. J. W. McIntosh, R. E. Hooper, fourth year; E. B. Horne, P. Parker, third year; E. Gillies, J. D. Webster, second year; Hendry Robertson, first year. School of Science: Messrs. A. Goldie, C. Langley, Meds.: Mr. J. Agnew, third year; other medical representatives will be appointed. The committee includes the President and Curator of the Literary Society.

*

Prof. Coleman, at the last meeting of the Engineering Society, lectured on Volcanoes and the Forces Producing Them.

*

The building of a residence for the co-eds is now exercising the Senate, but of this more hereafter.

JUNIOR.

The Amateur Yachtsman.

For Saturday Night.

'Twas all on a day in the month of May
And the sky was bright and clear,
The yachtsman said "We'll sail, brave boys,
From the wharf to Hanlan's pier.
The lake is calm and smooth as a bright,
But as deep as deep can be;
Though we'll be out of our depth, brave boys,
I'll make the attempt," says he.

"With a yeo, ho, ho! with a yeo ho, ho!
What is meant I don't quite know,
But you can't go wrong, in a nautical song,
If you sing yeo ho! yeo ho!"

The oldest salt he raised his cap and softly stroked his crown,
"If this trip we make, when we're on the lake,
The yacht will go up and down."
The yachtsman curled his scornful lip, gave his head a scornful shake;
He seized his flask and took a nip
And steered for the rolling lake,
With a yeo ho! ho! etc.

They hoisted up the mizen top and ran up the spanker boom;
And promptly hauled the keel on deck to give the main-mast room;
The rudder they lashed to the starboard bow and bowsprit waved behind,
And all the crew so stout and true were three sheets in the wind.
With a yeo ho! ho! etc.

They steered her course due north by south, but the yacht refused to go;
So they hailed a steam tug passing by and she took them all in tow.
Now yachtsmen all who hear this tale take heart and never fear,
Sing merrily oh! and cheerily tow
From the wharf to Hanlan's pier.
With a yeo ho! ho! etc.

D. GREGORY.

The Russian Mother's Lullaby.

For Saturday Night.

The famine wolf's abroad;
He comes, my lamb, to snatch thee from thy fold,
His heralds precede him, grim and cruel cold,
His law a chastening God.

The Father, wise, of all
Sees Russia's sated, plenished on His poor,
To save from death delaying to restore
The waste of palace hall.

Yet life were death at cost
Of feast eternal; better stainless pall
Than spread of royal fare where sin holds thrall—
Earth's banqueting well lost.

And this last lullaby
Is song triumphant, for the coming years
To thee no want can bring, to me no fears;
Sleep for us both is nigh.

IDRIS.

Sorrow and Song.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet wing'd prisoner of this lone dark hall!
Whose voice so silent is, will you not sing
Me something, and lift up your trembling wing—
That little outspread index of the pall
That in this house has fallen o'er us all!
Is Grief, then, such an all-pervading thing
That e'en your heart hath not escaped its sting?
Must this usurper, Silence, thee enthrall?
Oh, lift thy voice, thou little one, and sing!
Come, slay this black-browed quiet with thy note!
Come, be at once my Hermes and my king,
And stir my heart with thy full swelling throat!
Teach Sorrow that its shine is not a thing
On which our hearts will break—tho' suffering!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Flight of the Blackbirds.

For Saturday Night.

Oh! gather, come gather, my dusky mates, dark children of the air;
And clustering on this copper beech, each other's counsels share,
Ere autumn's rains and biting frost surprise us unaware.
'Twas pleasant in these leafy woods in early nesting time,
'Twas glorious round these lakes and streams all through the summer's prime.
But sterner weather comes apace, I know by many a sign,
For sultry is the slumb'rous air where drowsy silence sleeps.
Nor fin of wing, nor song of bird, nor breeze through cypress sweeps,
And nights are chill and o'er the hill cold mists the morning brings.
And all day long, beneath the leaves, the cricket shrills and sings,
I mind me of a bitter storm when we were *flying* late.
Our young ones died for lack of food and I—I lost a mate.
A bird without a mate! How sad, but then I chose another
Of glancing wings and glossy neck—my dears, she is your mother.
Yes, autumn comes; the fields are bare; the leaves are getting sear.
Our empty nests are scattered wide; our children all are here.
To all our haunts, by wood and stream, we bid a sad good-bye,
For sunny skies and other scenes; behold, we rise and fly.

ISABELLA ALLEN WARWICK.

Vilanelle.

For Saturday Night.

The sunlight streams into my room
And bids me wander in the fields.
It says: "The darkness cometh soon!"

"Cast care away and vanquish gloom,
For morbid thought to sorrow yields."
The sunlight streams into my room.

The glory of the summer moon
The sombre thoughts of silence shields..
It says: "The darkness cometh soon!"

I hear the melancholy loon
And watch the waving buckwheat fields..
The sunlight streams into my room.

Oh, why this sad and painful gloom,
When all without to brightness yields?
It says: "The darkness cometh soon!"

I grasp this glorious heaven-sent boon
And wander now in Nature's fields.
The sunlight streams into my room.
It says: "The darkness cometh soon."

CHARLES F. NEWCOMER

Mrs. Riddell, an English novelist extremely popular with a certain class of readers, has been obliged to apply for a Civil List pension. She is now fifty-nine years old. For thirty-six years she has been writing novels having a large sale; yet she says that her income has averaged only about one thousand three hundred dollars a year. Her earnings, such as they were, have been spent for the support of her family. So much for the profitableness of the literary profession.

Boston boasts of a woman cabinet maker, who has a studio in the Pierce Building, on Copley square, and plies hammer, saw and chisel for Back Bay patrons. She has also several classes of fashionable girl pupils.

Between You and Me.

PRETTY little book came with my mail one day lately, bound in imitation birch bark, adorned with an artistic spray of tinted sumach leaves, and bearing on its face the legend "Everyday Visiting List." If the outside is ornamental, the inside is certainly useful, containing as it does a neat and sensible arrangement of pages on which a record of each day's social obligations may be kept. Visiting is a serious drag on the society woman of to-day, and in no way does she show her *savoir faire* more clearly than in the way she discharges this duty. Prompt, timely, discreet in all other things you may be sure she is, if she keeps up her list of visits and attends to them in their proper order, for this is a task which calls for thought, system and judgment. The visiting list which called forth this paragraph deserves to be in every lady's davenport. Rose Publishing Company have it for sale, and it costs but thirty cents.

*

Do you know the lady who says "Thank you?" Isn't she nice? She stops as she leaves the elevator for a glance at the boy in charge and speaks her pleasant little two words with a bright smile. As she passes the conductor who has stopped the car for her, out ripple her gentle thanks! As some busy but polite man pauses in his rush to lunch to hold a door open for her, she makes the dearest little suspicion of a curtsey as she goes through and says in a grateful tone, "Thank you." When the usher shows her to a seat in church she just whispers a little "Thank you," before she kneels down to confess her sins. Her gratitude is never obtrusive, but it is always on hand, and the chivalry of the community is at the service of the lady who says "thank you." When she reads in the papers long letters railing at the ingratitude of women who take seats in the cars at the expense of some weak-minded individual whom they have glared at, or of some courtly creature whose courtesy they acknowledge by ignoring his existence, she is filled with wonder and chagrin. When she comes into a crowded car she expects to stand, but if anyone offers her a seat her smile beams out like the sun on a dark world, and her accents run the whole scale of pleased gratitude as she says heartily—"Thank you."

*

I had a new experience last week which was so pleasant that I should like to tell my lady readers about it. It consisted of a face massage. First, a very small imitation of the ventilation funnel of a steamship was pointed out to me, as it stood over a pan of water on a table, and a tube from the gas jet to the table conveyed the idea of hot water to my mind and the reality of it to the contents of the pan. "Please sit down," said the *masseuse*, and then: "Please put your face into that funnel," and later: "Please don't mind if I cover your head with the rubber sheet." Over it went, while the steam began to rise through the funnel and make the end of my nose rather hot. I could scarcely get breath enough to keep my lungs going, and I was nearly parboiled, but presently, just when I was on the point of withdrawing my head, the gentle voice filtered through the rubber, "I think I will turn the heat off now, that will do." I sat up, drenched and panting, she gently dabbed me dry, and the massage began. It was lovely as the *massaure*, after moistening her finger tips with oil, with magnetic and practiced touch lightly smoothed my forehead, rubbed my cheeks, straightened out my wrinkles, and cupid-bowed my lip, and when the pure oil was wiped off, the ruffled hair brushed back, the handglass held before me, how clean I was! I hated to go out into the dusty, impolite March gale, and I recommend a face massage (to such of my readers as believe that cleanliness comes next to godliness), as an agreeable piety during Lent.

*

Perhaps the most uncomfortable place on earth for a lady to visit is an artist's studio. There are uncanny-looking spooks of half finished pictures, and there is a lumber of draperies and rickety chairs and frames, and a suggestion of dust and more than a likelihood of mice! Think of it! And sometimes there is a beautiful face, or a touching pencil picture, or a cute bit of child life that sanctifies the whole. Such a whole and such a saving grace, I saw this morning, when I visited the studio of Carl Ahrens, to look at a picture which was on the eve of its departure for Ottawa. A little bird told me that I should not regret climbing two flights of stairs, which was a large responsibility for the little bird to shoulder, but I was so glad I braved the climb when I came face to face with the cutest baby picture I have seen in many a day. It is a Dutch baby, with an undeniably shrunken blue flannel *surtout*, if one call a garment an "over-all" when there isn't anything underneath but the baby. Between his bare, fat knees he holds an earthen ware pitcher, into which he delves with an iron spoon. His father's *sabot* makes an improvised bed for a dissipated-looking Dutch doll, and a pail-rein of divers strips of colored rag makes a break in the plain, dun floor of his corner. He is busy with his jug and spoon, with the pouting intentness of a baby every one of us has seen. It is just a dear bit of nature. The picture for Ottawa, which is called Cradled in the Net, represents the same real baby asleep in a fishing net hammock, with the strong live light from a window touching its cheek and brow and hair. That Mr. Ahrens' own baby sat and slept for these sweet pictures gives, if possible, an added interest to their clever father's work.

LADY GAY.

Popular Science.

He (of Boston)—Prof. Skihigh is going to lecture on sun spots to-morrow.

She (of Chicago)—Well, if I thought he could tell of a real, sure enough cure for them, I'd go to hear him. I freckle so easily.

Individualities.

The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia is so strikingly beautiful that she is known as "The Crowned Ophelia."

Mrs. H. M. Stanley is urging her husband, it is said, to write his biography and to offer himself for a seat in Parliament.

Krupp, the cannon king, pays taxes on an income of $1,500,000; Rothschild in Frankfort, on $1,030,000. These are the heaviest taxpayers of Prussia.

*

The Empress Eugenie always has on her writing table a miniature statue of her son, made by the late Prince Victor. It is of solid bronze, and supported on a pedestal of four French eagles.

William Tulliver and Minnie Stackhouse were recently married on horseback in the rain at night at Paoli, Ind. The minister stood on the door-step. The couple said they were rain-soaked and had too far to go to lose time. Truth is sometimes as strange as fiction.

Mrs. Helen Cloah, who is a full-blooded young Indian woman of the Blackfeet tribe, has received an appointment from Secretary Noble as special allotting agent for her people. She has begun her work by setting apart lands for the Tonkawas on the Nez Perces reservation.

Mrs. Brown Potter's numerous friends will be gratified to hear that she has achieved success in South Africa. When she played Juliet the stage was decorated, for some reason or other, with artistic Indian ornaments and Benares brasses, given to Mrs. Potter during her Indian tour by rajahs and other notable people.

The Duke of Marlborough not only married an American woman, but in his travels in this country took extensive notes. Now and again through the medium of English reviews he tells us what he thinks of us. In a recent publication he has ventured to predict that in a short while the social grades will be as definitely and distinctly drawn in the United States as they are in any other country in the world.

Mrs. Ellsworth Miller of Cold Spring, N. Y., whose maiden name was Avery, was married eight years ago. Since then she has borne two sets of triplets, three pairs of twins and two other children. Of the fourteen children, four—two girls and two boys—are living. The first set of triplets weighed fifteen pounds at birth, four, five and six pounds respectively in the order of their seniority. The second set weighed thirteen. Mrs. Miller is thirty years old, and enjoys fair health.

Maurice Maeterinck, whom the French call "the new Shakespeare," and whose celebrity has had a more mushroom growth than even that of Maeterinck the composer, is a young Belgian dramatic poet. A year ago he was hardly known outside the immediate neighborhood of his home, until the laudatory notices of Parisian critics bore his name on the wings of fame. He has published but little so far—a volume of poems, which are described as parodies of Walt Whitman, and two short plays, one of which Beerbohm Tree has produced in London.

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, has turned hermit and has hidden himself in the mountains back of San Diego, Cal. As a preliminary step to show his renunciation of the world, he has had himself shorn of his long, picturesque locks, and has changed the ill-fitting suit of black broadcloth he affected for a blue flannel shirt and trowsers tucked into his boots. Before quitting civilization he said that his retreat near Oakland was too public, that he was weary of the world, and that in his new mountain home he would devote himself to writing something worthy of himself.

The late Rev. William Denton, a clergyman of considerable literary attainments, used to spend much of his time at the British Museum. He had noticed for a long time a gentleman consulting tomes of the Fathers and Puritan divines. One day he said: "I suppose, sir, you are preparing some work of great research?" "Oh," said the gentleman, "don't you know who I am? I am Spurgeon's man. I have to get up for him all the most telling anecdotes from old or not generally accessible books." An old and respected minister once expressed surprise to the great preacher that he should discredit his sacred calling by making so many jokes in the pulpit. "Ah!" replied Spurgeon, "you would not wonder at all if you knew how many more I kept to myself."

Russell Sage, jr., may justly be considered another victim of the dynamiter Norcross. He was only recovering from illness when the latter blew up Russell Sage's office, and his experience at that trying time proved so severe a shock that he was attacked by a nervous fever which caused his death. Thus he missed being one of the richest men in America, for, had he survived his uncle, he would probably have been found to be the chief heir of the financier. He was fifty years old. His parents dying when he was a little boy, he was taken charge of by his uncle, after whom he was named; but he made his own way in life, and accumulated a modest fortune of his own. Had he possessed Russell Sage's millions it is doubtful if they would have brightened his life, for he was a man of the simplest tastes.

Mme. Marie Delsarte Geralde, who has come to the United States to teach the art of her famous father, is a handsome, large woman. Some women might call her thin, for she has high, prominent cheek-bones, and her throat is not full. But she has dark, expressive eyes, glossy, dark hair, brilliant teeth, and a remarkably easy carriage, as befits the daughter of Delsarte. Her hands are beautifully made and carefully "groomed," as fashionable people describe cared-for human animals nowadays. Her fingers are long and supple and tapering, and the finger-nails are pink and proper to the last degree. Her hands play a prominent part in her lecture. There are usually a few diamonds and one thick gold band on the fingers. She seems supple from head to foot, just as her fingers are from tip to joint. She dresses with the perfect simplicity of a Frenchwoman in public, in a black robe with a short train. Only two things more necessary to emphasize her personality. Mme. Delsarte Geralde is graceful as a fawn, and her enunciation is wonderfully pleasant.

At the Matinee.

MATINEES, so runs the popular superstition, were introduced by shrewd and kindly managers of the theater, opera, and concert troupes, for the special benefit of womankind. They discovered that there was a great day theater-going feminine public to be catered to and profited by—a public so important, appreciative, and willing to pay for seats at regular rates that the afternoon performances were inaugurated and have now become an important source of income to public entertainers.

A woman is no longer debarred, by lack of a male escort, from attending the opera, theater, or whatever is offered on the boards. If she cannot go at night, why, the matinee performance renders her quite independent; and, in fact, she has come to feel a sense of personal possession of this afternoon play or opera, since busy mankind rarely finds time to share the matinee entertainment. Now, one would think that, with so happy an arrangement, so large box office receipts, and so eager audiences, no possible complaint could arise from any source. From the stage, however, comes a grumble. The actors don't like matinees, and the occasional man who finds a seat in the great feminine audience agrees with the stage folk.

"We don't like the matinees," say the actors, "because the audience is made up of women, and women make a proverbially bad audience." "And I don't like matinees," says the occasional man, "for exactly the same reason. I could go into particulars, but I won't for fear of having my assertions denied by those I dare not contradict."

These are serious charges that it behooves women to investigate. The actors' complaint surely must have some foundation, since 'tis a well known fact that for matinee audiences they show, in the weakness of the performance given, a miserable indifference to criticism by their listeners. They play only tolerably, never at their best; and for a handful of people at night they will do better. One's first impulse is to lay the blame for this on manager and actor.

"No," remarks the occasional man, "that's not where the fault lies. I went in to Sir Edwin Arnold's matinee reading at Daly's Theater in New York not long ago, and then I saw who was in the wrong. Many tickets, I found out at the box office, had been bought beforehand, but the bad weather had evidently held many at home, and when I slipped into my seat I found only a few persons gathered to welcome the poet; and of the two or three hundred assembled about twenty-five were men. Sir Edwin appeared, we twenty-five men set the blood circulating in our lads by a vigorous greeting, echoed by a feeble patter of daintily gloved palms—a patter that might have been increased into a good round of hearty applause, but wasn't—for I learn, on inquiry, that women don't care to applaud, it's hard on gloves, and then, as one nice woman very truthfully expressed it, 'We know we like it, so why should we make a noise about it?'

"Our reader looked a little dashed by the very calm reception he got, but he bowed very grateful thanks, spoke charmingly to us for a moment, then got to the business of the hour. Just as he began the reading the ticket holders began to arrive. They rustled in on tiptoe, and in a suppressed commotion divested themselves of wraps, overshoes, etc., scanned the house, nodded to each other here and there, and whispered a bit. Throughout the first number the entire house was in a state of arrival, a ceremony that, owing to the nature of the entertainment, should absolutely have been accomplished before the reader appeared. So busy were the ladies settling themselves that they scarcely knew when the first number was over; therefore, a mild ripple of applause rewarded Sir Edwin's noble interpretation of his yet nobler verse.

"I cannot too highly praise the selection the poet made for reading from his works. He seemed to have gathered up verse exactly calculated to charm his feminine hearers—wit sweetened with gentlest philosophy and most charming narrative, pathos simplest and sincerest, and wisdom couched in rhyme so harmonious that ears most unappreciative of music could not fail to be delighted thereat. His audience listened; yes, truth compels the admission, but few of the gentle and pretty faces showed the earnest, unwavering attention he strove to gain, and the applause never deepened, was never hearty, nor showed the involuntary expression of delight. One—yes, one young girl, carried away by her enthusiasm, cried out, 'Oh!' and tears stood in her eyes at the conclusion of He and She, so moved did she seem.

"Then she flushed scarlet, for every composed lady who had dutifully patted her hands turned to glance about with reproachful curiosity. Such ardent expression of emotion seemed to the audience strangely out of place. All about me whispers were rife, while the poet was speaking or when he was silent. Gowns, friends, husbands and servants were hushedly discussed, and now and then a woman would noisily assume her coat and overshoes and trip out of the theater.

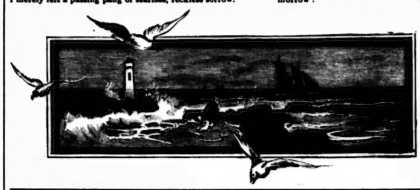
"It all seemed a great pity that so fine an entertainment as Sir Edwin gave should be so poorly attended, for, though the house was full, it never grew enthusiastic, touched, or thrilled, and I have since ceased to wonder at the complaints of the actors. Women go to the matinee, they listen and they like what is offered them, but they also arrogate to themselves the right to regard the stage or not, as they please; to let fault or cleverness pass unnoticed. They are not exacting, critical, attentive, or enthusiastic. In an instant the actors feel this, and play or sing accordingly, as it pleases them. I don't say that the night audience, one-half of which is composed of men, is more intelligent than that at the morning play, but it is more generous or cruel, more critical and more kind, more ardent and, therefore, more feared and respected."

Willie.

For Saturday Night.

Oft by the glinting brook we play'd, my Willie, 'neath the willows,
Watching our tiny ships of war glide o'er the tiny billows;
And dream'd of days which, like that stream, seem'd sparkling on before us,
Nor knew that soon a cloud would dark its waves and break its chorus.
You passed; and tho' scarce twenty miles rose 'twixt us, we could never
Restore our friendship as it was—its thread was broke for ever!
You know, dear Willie, how one day an eddy caught your cruiser,
And how we ran along the bank unwilling thus to lose her,
And oft we saw her through the trees, as she shot down the river,
And now she eddied in a pool, and then we saw her never.
Just look, dear Willie, oft and oft, we met again. An hour
Your life would linger in the stream, caught by some water-flower.
But soon, too soon, away once more the truant vessel darted!
At last the river grew so wide we were forever parted.
For three long years I saw thee not, and then one dreary morning
I heard by chance a weary word, a weary word of warning
That thou wast ill nigh unto death! Far worse, upon the morrow,
Was borne upon the wind a sob, a sickening sob of sorrow!
What then? No more I ever heard the voice that used to greet me,
Nor saw I ever more the form that once was wont to meet me.
I do not blush to own the truth, that on that dreary morrow
I merely felt a passing pang of tearless, reckless sorrow.
But now to-day, dear Willie, when the sun is smiling brightly,
The wood-bird singing sweet and clear, our brooklet babbling lightly,
Once more I see thy merry face, thy gray eyes lightly beaming,
Once more around thy mouth the smile, thy locks, unfetter'd, streaming;
Again I hear thy lyish voice across the fields resounding;
And waken'd by its tones my heart with memories is bounding.
And now I feel the sorrow which so long has been forgotten—
Sweet sorrow, of a friendship lost and sunder'd hope begotten.
This mood may pass from me again; it may be gone to-morrow;
But oh! I know to-day I feel a deep and dismal sorrow.
I know that all my moods are brief, that grief of mine is fleeting,
And that these pangs may pass away with morning's merry greeting.
But yet, dear Willie, would I sing this passing song of sorrow,
E'en tho' I should not feel its truth upon the dim to-morrow!

JAMES A. TUCKER.



Book Notices.

Miserere, by Mabel Wagnalls, is a beautifully gotten-up gift book. The story itself is slight and the plot is not new. The ending, however, is highly poetic and original. However, beauty of the production is more to be desired than great literary qualities in gift books, and as such Miserere is satisfactory. Funk & Wagnalls, Toronto. $1.00.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have issued a well written life of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in their Great American's series.

Young Man.

Merely because you
Think of her all the time—
Know of no other woman half so beautiful—
Call on her every day at precisely the same time—
Are jealous of every other man who even looks at her—
Stick her photograph in your bureau mirror—
Wear another over your heart—
Buy her candy—
And flowers—
And take her to the theater instead of playing poker with the boys, as you were once wont to do—
Do not imagine:
That you are really in love—
Because you are not.
The fact is:
That you are only flirting with her for a winter's amusement—
And:
That is what you will acknowledge, even insist upon, next summer.

Swagger.

We shall not, we hope, be accused of knocking another nail into the coffin of respectability (says the London *Spectator*) if we venture to point to the decline of swagger as one of the signs of the times. No doubt the consciousness of personal merit, and possible superiority, is as strong in human nature as ever. But most people are contented to acquiesce in the knowledge of the fact, and are willing not only to forego the particular form of its expression, which is known as swagger, but even to live without expressing it visibly at all. The most obvious and disagreeable form of self-assertion, which consists in making other people conscious of their inferiority by intensely unpleasant and supercilious behavior, has, of course, been dead and done with as a social claim for half a generation. The high-born and wealthy heroes of the old novelists, who were too great to speak at the breakfast table, and turned to fling a morsel to their dogs with an air of high-bred nonchalance, exist no longer in fiction, and very rarely in life. Mr. Grandcourt was, perhaps, the last of them. But swagger in its minor and more amusing manifestations is also dying. One of the later forms of swagger, much affected by men of the bach-lor, leisured class, and especially by the much-abused "lotus eaters" of club-land, was the *nil admirari* attitude. It had quite a vogue for a time, and, in addition to conveying an impression of superiority, it saved a great deal of trouble. Older men who had seen life were spared the effort of hearing about it again, and young men who had not were enabled to convey the impression that they had. This form of swagger had positive merits in a negative form. It is still in use as a weapon against the bore, but as a fashionable cult it exists no longer. It is as dead as wigs and powder.

Washing Day.

"Ephum!"
"Yethum!"
"Come a humpin' yere an' git yo' barf. Yo' mammy ain't got no time ter fool."

One More Unfortunate.

She—Those horrid Smyler girls are in the sleigh. It's not generally known, but, Clara, the one in white is going to marry Lord Duncastle purely for spite.

He—From spite?

She—Yes; she was virtually jilted by her father's coachman.

An Exponent of the Effete East.

First New York Crook—I suppose you found things lively in Oklahoma City.

Second N. Y. C.—O Yes. While I was trying to bunco a bayseed he picked my pocket, and before I could complain to the police I was sand-bagged by the bishop of the diocese.

A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.

The pull is uphill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep; but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, red-dish yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly, just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils, and clings to their hair and cars in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try and keep the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow-passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago; but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Back there, a mile or so, the sun shines brightly on the canyon road, making it look like a long, yellow ribbon; but just ahead the shadow of the mountain on the west side seems to close the upper end of the pass, cuts the light off in an odd, abrupt way, and presently we shall be in comparative darkness, for the sides of the heavy timber is only a little distance before us.

Somehow, the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has loosed his usual taciturnity, and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish-looking young chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with his whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the canyon a quarter of a mile away, and remarks:

"See them two big rocks?—road runs b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods r'so fu'ther on—was whar I was holt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice, interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and literally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this a way. That mornin' th' express box was loaded plumb full o' bullion stuff, th't bed t' go through that day. Now, jes's luck'd hev it, one o' th' gyards—we hed gyards t'em days—turned up mis'n 'bout th' time we was ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin'. Berry McNeil, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an' fin's Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' 'ead fr'm a beer bottle—he's scrappin' night b'fore.

"Th' agent an' me was thinkin' pow'ful 'bout who we d'd git t' take Hauser's place of he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin'.

"'Say, fellers,' says he, 'Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night', an' is layin' on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go it fo' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed-off gun.'

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up h's min', an' was boun' t' hev his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev' no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an' Mac, whistlin' one o' his everlastin' toons, piles up on th' box, an' we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep' our peepers hitch right sharp, but ev'rythin' went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says: 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin' for us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y'is full o' hop. I seen it, too, an' 'twa'n't nothin' but a hawk, crosin' the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, however, but jes'z we turned th' rocks, somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an' nails th' leaders, an' they was so many guns a-starin' totuls my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed-off-shot-gun, an' then begun wi' th' Winchester, gittin' two fellers an' skin-nin' up some more—but they was too darn many of 'em, an' they o'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev' shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—more nerve'n sense. I usetuh say, 'Mac,—'

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the road-side—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way ever since the dust, is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two b'g revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat hell!"—and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant faced, boyish-looking young man, who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and, politely, courteously, but firmly, withal, relieves us of our spare change—and more, too.

. . . . . .

That is my part of the story. Of course, there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they also have claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I intend to say was that that is the only one of the party whose name comes this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road-agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or, rather, an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road-agent incident. This odd notion was in the form of a thin chamois inside, which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should suddenly be called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty-dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty-dollar bill, but when Terrence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night, I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire.

But for the rest of the story:

It was about two years after the road-agent affair, in which we had lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when, one day, I was thunder-struck to receive Hallegan's wedding cards. I had not seen or heard a word of him for a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a married man, I should have decided him; but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where surcease of sorrow was obtainable in quantities to suit the most exacting case, where there were a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and condole with each other. And grief was our lot, until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at, over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and one day came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in closing a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure, as he said:

"That I did—that I did, my boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner-time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity, during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little white-haired, sweet-faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

"No, I had never seen her up to half an hour ago, so I gave up studying her and fell to wondering what Hallegan was going to "explain."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door, Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then, suddenly, there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since; the dust, the heat, the sassy cowboy inside the coach, the daintily little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he fin shed his work and departed—"Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble—"

"Well, me boy!"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all out; the idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that hold-up!

Hallegan spoke:

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up, two years ago?"

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning.

"Three years ago, a young fellow named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A Stage and Express Company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager—Robinson—charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and, on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, a bill is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager, Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term in Canyon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defence except the plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year, the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when, at last, he knew he couldn't live very long, he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying in prison. Of course, it was the first she had known of his trouble and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson was guilty, and had himself existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders, suspicious of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt where it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"At this time Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go South on account of ill health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, behind in Chicago. Not long after this, the hold ups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times, there was some mystery about it—a little chap, but a nervy—who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight men was organized, under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people. It made no difference what precautions the company took, or how many guards it employed; the road-agents were too smart, and the boldest kind of hold-ups were successfully made, and, by Jove! it busted the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The freight-and-passenger business was pretty well settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. Company's lines unless actually obliged to do so, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons got run into things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. Young man took all he could lay his hands on and skipped, but was caught at Santa Fe. He's where he should be—at Canyon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

"About seven or eight months after we were held up, a stage full of fellows, including myself, were stopped and robbed by a lone person, about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Mule-shoe Trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of the disguise. There were only four of the road-agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he "didn't believe there were any road-agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road-agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Mule-shoe Trail is! Well, the driver had gone on, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the Shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a muffled groaning. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road-agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was no one else there it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now, that the famous bandit known as 'Foxy' was only a woman.

"She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road-agents missed their leader, and, inside of a fortnight, Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago, at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. Company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts, in a measure, for their success. Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do, to some extent, with the strong hold which Foxy had upon her band, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after 'Foxy's' disappearance, and none of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the world at large."

"And—and Miss Wilson is—"

Hallegan's eyes twinkled: "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.

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Are Women Inconstant.

Woman owes her reputation for inconstancy to men who have written such stuff—was made, were exclusively the moulders and controllers of public opinion. They were the sayers as well as the doers, and from the beginning of time, both by pen and tongue, they forged a falsehood into the semblance of truth. Knowing themselves to be the embodiment of inconstancy, they thought—and their thought was correct—that they might elude their desert by ascribing their temperamental and notorious weakness to the other sex. The character of woman, before she had become as prominent as she is to-day, depended for portrayal on the tender mercies of man. Men have made deeper and analyze herself voluminously nowadays; but much of the early interpretation of her—so hard is it to dislodge old ideas—is still accepted, and men use every effort to have it so. Every spoken language, not to speak of the dead languages, contains phrases reflecting on her steadfastness. For instance:

Women and weather are not to be trusted.

Women change like the sea.

Women's moods differ like day and night.

Beware a sleeping dog and a smiling woman.

Who confides in a woman builds on the sand.

The one constant woman died yesterday.

No season is so brief as a woman's love.

A woman may be loyal to love, but never fo lovers.

It is the old story: he trusted a woman and was betrayed.

Women's vows are false as gambler's oaths.

Be women's true as the wind.

Women shed tears the better to deceive.

More than half of men's woes come from the instability of women.

The inconstancy of woman causes the great tragedies of life.

The most fascinating women are the most deceptive.

A woman has only one tongue, but she can tell a million lies.

Woman is a trap in which every man is caught soon or late.

Woman's promises are as uncertain as next year's blossoms.

When you can make a woman constant, you can tame a hyena.

Woman is constant only to inconstancy.

There is no end to such expressions. They abound in Persian, Syriac, Arabian, Armenian, as well as in German, French, Italian and Spanish, showing age, if not pertinency. Cultured men have, in all ages, exercised their wit on woman, pretending to emphasize her defects, and charging inconstancy upon her, they have the additional inducement of screening themselves. That woman is a model of constancy, no one acquainted with human nature would pretend. She is human, and therefore liable to err. But that she is fickle, changeable, capricious in her affections, as compared with man, and that he has any good reason so to accuse her, is an overstrain on credulity. Women may be unsteady as to love in fiction and romances; their untrustworthiness may be an effective flavor in art; but in reality, in nature, they are, in the main, staunch and faithful to the core. No doubt the human race has been steadily meliorating with time, having made rapid strides, especially in the last hundred years. Men have grown more as well as women; but they are yet far behind women in morals, in all the sweet humanities, in whatever belongs to delicacy, consideration, tenderness. They have improved in constancy, though they never can hope, and they never, as a body, will try, to reach the feminine standard. Woman is constant on instinct, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self-interest. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, govern him steadily and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous; man and, in fact, male animals generally, are polygamous. Monogamy is but another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy. Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and entire conduct toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self love. Marriage would, in time, cease to be a custom; for marriage, in civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that women, generally, are disloyal; indeed, it is easy to ascertain the fact. But it always seems to surprise him; it is disappointing, mortifying, otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a conscious and shallow pretext, more so to day than ever. Nature, society, reason, the law, man demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

What is a Lover?

Somebody's dream of perfection,
Somebody's bright polar star;
Somebody's sun, whose is flashes
Is stronger than lore of lad bar.

A lover is a loser until he finds the one who stole his heart, and then if he can win her he's a winner.

A lover is a deluded victim possessed of an insane desire to provide for another man's daughter, and perhaps add to the comforts of some by acquiring a mother-in-law.

"A lover is a fool who loves a dull-rent thing each day. But love will live, though lovers die, till all has passed away."

A lover is one who exists in a state of pleasant uncasiness.

That which a man before marriage cannot help lying if he tries, and after marriage tries not to be if he can help it.

A lover is one driven hither and thither by doubt and longing; whose every action gives to himself dissatisfaction; whose every sensibility, merged into that of anxious excitability, poised delicately as a magnetic needle, fluctuates between hope and despair. Who experiences the involuntary departure of his self-worthiness to the increase of that of his idol, thereby rendering that object seemingly beyond his reach.

Just the Thing.

He—How magnificently you were dressed the other night at the Bangle reception.

She—Why, do you think so? The girls thought I was dressed very plainly.

He—Um—ah! but it was so appropriate, you know.

That Required Courage.

"What particular incident in the life of George Washington marked his undaunted courage?" asked the teacher.

"He married a widow, ma'am," replied Benny Bloobumper.

In the Wrong Place.

Miss Lillywhite Snowflake (from the colored quarter)—I wanter little powder for de complexion.

Druggist—For yourself?

Miss L. Snowflake—Yessah.

Druggist—Go to a gun store.

Getting Even.

Bunting—I saw a sight to-day which did my heart good.

Larkin—What was it?

Bunting—Saw a plumber getting a prescription compounded at a retail drug store.

In London.

"Was it George or Harry who called at the house last night, Emily?"

"I don't know, mother.'

"Why, some one called."

"Yes, mother, but to-day it is so foggy that I really can't tell one man from another."

Almost a Crank.

"Is Mrs. Harlem finnicky when she is traveling?"

"Awfully. Even on a sleeping-car she demands a berth on the shady side.

Equal to the Occasion.

"They say that Littleby is courting that great tall girl, Miss High."

"Yes.

"I should like to see him kissing her 'good-night when he's leaving her."

"He never says good-night."

"No!

"No; he shakes hands with her and looks at her and says 'So long.'"

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

Useful in all forms of Dyspepsia.

The Height of Bliss.

Hojack—Did Tom look happy when he stood up to be married?

Tomlik—Yes; he couldn't have looked happier if he had been 'next' in a crowded barber shop.

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Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

No feller cood got shgware mit a round of pleasure.

Mister Sampson vas a pooty shtrong man, but he don'd cood lift a mortgage up.

Don't beaser you don'd told everything vat you know, dhen you got somedings for seed.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; Good Wife, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; in the Heart of the Desert, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

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The Craze.

Mistress—Norah, how does it happen that I find you idling away your time in that rocking chair?

Domestic (with languid majesty)—I'm not idlin', mem; I'm reposin'. I'm a Delsarshean, mem.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

(Limited) MONTREAL

Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand of

Redpath

Certificates of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find this is yielded 99.85 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, finds the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 50c. and 1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE FATHER MATHEW REMEDY

Is a certain and speedy cure for INTEMPERANCE, and destroy all appetite for alcoholic liquors

Price: $1.00

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

A Blizzard on the Lakes.

The tug boat office in a city on the great lakes is a favorite meeting place for fresh-water sailors. During the long, cold winter, when their vessels are laid up, and they have no other occupation on hand, they collect there and while away the time telling stories and recounting the dangers of life on the "Lakes."

The tug boat office is also a bureau of information. There it is that the captain, just arrived from a trip, is made acquainted with all the gossip and small-talk of the port.

Such a crowd as usually gathers in a tug-boat office was seated around the red-hot stove about the close of navigation of last year. There were captains and owners of all descriptions of craft, from the little fore-and-aft schooner to the big four-masted steam barge that plies between Buffalo and western cities in the coal and ore trade

The conversation had turned to the small grafts and the consequent greater length of time that the vessels were kept in commission. During an unprofitable year the better class of vessels are kept running until it is absolutely necessary for them to lay up because of ice forming in the harbors.

One weather-beaten old salt, who had not said much heretofore, was particularly bitter in his denunciation of the practice. He had followed the life of a sailor ever since he was "knee-high to a belaying pin," as he had informed us. With a desire for travel which his parents could not check, he had, at an early day, shipped on board an East-Indiaman without his father's consent or knowledge. After several voyages around the world as a foremast hand, he drifted to New York and obtained command of a small vessel engaged in the coasting trade. This was not as lucrative as he imagined it would be, and after experiencing a wreck off Cape Hatteras, he came to the Great Lakes at a time when commerce was as nothing compared to what it is now. The prairies of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota did not then yield the plentiful harvests of wheat and corn which have since made necessary the great elevators of Chicago, Milwaukee and Duluth, and helped to establish a fresh-water commerce that has no rival in the world. The iron and copper mines of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin were not yet developed, and the "Soo" Canal—that great highway between Lakes Huron and Superior which now handles an annual tonnage greater than that of the Suez Canal—had not been opened.

Such was the condition of commerce on the lakes when Dick Weaver began his career on the Inland Sea. He had been brought up on active life and lived in a comfortable cottage not far from the docks, where he could get a view of the green water that had gained for him a livelihood for so many years.

Although he no longer took an active part in the battle, he could not tear himself away from his former haunts, and would spend the greater part of his time with his old associates.

"It's again nature and common sense to keep the boats a-going until the middle of winter," he said to the half-dozen retired marine men assembled in the tug-boat office. "Look at this schooner coming up the river. They ought to be a law passed to prevent vessels from putting out at this time of the year."

A small three-masted fore-and-after was being towed by a noisy, puffing tug to her berth near the tanneries. She had evidently had a rough trip. The deck load of bark was partially washed away, and the fore part was covered with ice, covering bowsprit, windlass and anchors.

"I tell you it ain't right to allow vessels to put out so late in the season. I've seen many a winter's gale on the North Atlantic, but some of these December blows on the lakes are worse than any I've seen, and I've gone through a good many in my day. That storm in the seventies was about as bad as any. In that storm, which held out for two days, there were several schooners beached on the east shore and twelve lives were lost. I was mate on a fore-and after, the Eastlake. She was a big boat for those days, but she wouldn't cut no figure now."

In anticipation of a story, the tobacco box was passed around at a favorable opportunity, the pipes filled and lighted, and the chairs drawn closer around the speaker. The young man who fills the position of marine reporter on one of the daily newspapers produced his note book and pencil.

"She was a fine-looking little craft, was the Eastlake. I was mate then. The captain and owner was a Dane by the name of Larsen. His home was up at Charlevoix, where he had a wife and three children. One of them was a boy about nineteen or twenty, named Ole. He was a big, strapping fellow, as strong as an ox. He helped his father on the vessel during the summer, and worked in the lumber camps in the winter.

"Well, one day in the last week of November, during the latter part of the seventies, the Eastlake was over at Charlevoix, loading cord-wood. She had come in the night before, and we had worked through the better part of the night in order to be able to get over the next day. All hands were helping to stow away the wood, and we had got on a full load, including a good-sized deck-load, by noon. We didn't waste any time, but got under way as soon as we had finished loading, and stood out of Traverse Bay at an eight-knot gait. About four o'clock in the afternoon we rounded the point after making several tacks, and found a good brisk gale blowing from the north-west.

"It hinted to the captain that we had better put about and make Traverse Bay and stay under the lee-shore till the morning, for I saw that it wasn't going to be a very pleasant night on the lake.

"But no; he was not going to lose a day for no fresh-water gale. He was an old salt like myself and had a contempt for these storms on the lakes, though we do have some right hard blows, I must say.

"So we made things snug and prepared for a cold night on the water. The barometer was falling, and so was the thermometer, for a northwester don't bring any summer breeze in with it. We got in on the lee side of North Manitou Island and did not know how the wind had increased till we passed the Manitous. Then we got it though, in full force. It was about time as if we could not keep the boat from going on the beach, which we could just make out about a mile to leeward; but the Eastlake could sail closer to the wind than any other vessel of her size, and by keeping her up close we managed to work out from the shore. That's a dangerous passage between the Manitous and the mainland, especially when the wind is from the west or nor'-west.

"About seven o'clock I gave up the wheel to Capt. Larsen's son, Ole, and went below to get a mouthful and snatch a few hours' sleep. At nine, when I came out of the cabin, it was colder than blazes and the wind had increased till it blowed and howled through the rigging at a rate that made me very anxious about the fore-mast. The old man persisted in carrying a full foresail and only one reef in the main-sail. I took the wheel from Ole and never took my hands off it till next morning. That was the roughest night I ever spent. The spray of every wave that broke over the vessel froze as it fell. The way we was headed I got the benefit of every wave coming over the starboard quarter. My slicker was covered with ice, and if I had not been keeping my body and arms in motion for every minute of that long night, I believe I would have been frozen stiff before morning. Half of our deck-load was washed away early in the evening, and the remained was like a toboggan-slide. It was at the risk of their lives that the men walked over it.

"I kept her headed as near as I could south-south-west. Capt. Larsen was for putting into Ludington, but I says to him: 'It's ten chances to one that we don't make the piers in this gale, and then nothing on God's earth will save us from going on the beach. The best thing we can do,' says I, 'is to keep on this course until we sight the North Point light. If we should miscalculate in entering Milwaukee harbor, we ain't in such danger of going on the beach if the wind holds the same course,' which I had no doubt it would.

"He came a-round to my way of thinking after a little more argument. The old man was a first-rate sailor and knew his business, but he was slow-minded and deliberate, like most of his countrymen.

"One of the men forward made out the lights of a vessel bound north. She was a big liner which was hurrying to get through the Straits before the ice was formed. The captain hailed her; but his words could not be heard twenty feet from the vessel's side.

"The little boat stood up well under the heavy seas that struck her on the starboard quarter. She pitched and rolled till every minute I thought she would be on her beam ends; but she came up again every time. Every sea that broke over her would make her shiver all over, and falling on deck and soon freezing, made things rather unpleasant for me at the wheel. The icy spokes would slip in my grasp, and I had great trouble in keeping a foothold. However, I managed to brace my foot up against the companion-way, and so got a better control of the wheel. I did not have much time to think of anything except the steering of the vessel, and before I knew it my feet were frozen to the deck. I did not discover it until a sudden lurch of the schooner when a big sea struck her, made me aware of the fact. I would have been carried off my feet, I'm sure, if the ice had not held them to the deck. It gave me an awful wrench that I can feel to this day whenever I make a sudden move. I pulled as hard as a person can pull who has nothing to brace himself against, but they would not come. They were stuck to the deck to stay, and the wrench of my body did not release them. If I could have got out my knife I could easily have pried my shoes from the ice, but I had my hands all in holding the wheel. 'Well,' thinks I, 'it will give me a good foothold anyway.' And with that consolation I never again thought of it till we gained the harbor.

"It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and blowing as hard as ever, with a fine snow falling. The captain was afraid to run, as we would not be able to make out a light in a snow storm. The snow seemed to cut my face like knives. I would have been glad to have just then to get a cup of good, hot coffee, but I dared not leave the wheel. On the course I was holding her, one turn of the wheel the wrong way would bring the wind abeam and the schooner into the trough of the sea. The little vessel would have gone over in a minute if such a thing had happened. We still had a large deck-load, although half of it was washed away, and we had but a light load of bark in the hold. I did not get much chance to think of anything outside of steering the vessel. A big wave coming over the ship's quarter does not make the vessel any too easy to handle.

"It must have been about daylight, I guess, when I thought I heard a far-away sort of groan. I knew what it was, for there's nothing on earth can come near making a sound like a fog-horn. It's a mournful, dismal wail, and not very agreeable when you are trying to sleep; but it has saved many a poor sailor's life.

"The captain heard it, too. He crawled back along the quarter-deck at the risk of his life, and yelled to me:

"'Did you hear that?'

"'Yes, sir,' says I. 'That's a steam fog-horn, or I am much mistaken.'

"'What quarter did it come from?' he asked.

"'Somewhere off the weather bow,' says I. It's hard to make out that particular point a sound comes from in thick weather.

"Suddenly it gave out another unearthly groan, closer at hand. The captain heard it plain enough this time.

"'Hard a-starboard, Dick. Starboard, for your life!' he yelled to me.

"Then he ran down that quarter-deck, and I heard him giving orders to the men. I put up the helm, the main-sheets were hauled taut, and she was brought up close to the wind. The Eastlake was a smart little vessel, and could sail as close to the wind as a yacht.

"Again we heard the fog-horn, just about dead ahead. Ah! but that monotonous screech never sounded so cheerful to me before.

"'Light ship ahead, sir!' sang out one of the men on the forecastle. Then the pier light loomed up on the starboard side, and before I could think twice it was swallowed up in the darkness astern. We had passed the piers and were safe in Milwaukee harbor. A tug took us in tow, and then I turned my attention to my neglected foot. They were not able to drag to the deck, but were also covered and surrounded by ice. I was scared almost to death, and chopped around trying to get them loose, lest I might have tried to lift the deck for all the good it did me. Capt. Larsen brought an axe and actually chopped them out.

"They took me below, and put my feet in cold water. By dint of hard rubbing on the part of the captain and his son, they saved my feet, but two of my toes are gone. It does not give me much trouble now, but I have to keep good thick boots on in winter. I never hear that fog-horn of a thick night but what I think of how I lost my toes on the Eastlake.

"The storm lasted all of next day, and several vessels were beached on the east shore. The Eastlake came near going there too at one time; as it was, we had an experience that will not soon be forgotten by me."

Such was the story of a not very uncommon experience of a sailor's life on the Great Lakes. The hurricane of the Mexican Gulf, the typhoon of the Pacific and the monsoon of the Indian Ocean are not very frequently equalled in destructive power in the cyclone in summer and the blizzard in winter. Then, too, not the least danger is the small "sea room" that vessels have and the consequent liability of collision.

How It Began.

"Going to stay home to-night, Jeptha?" asked Mrs. Jones as she saw her husband looking at the clock.

"Yes," answered Jones, "I don't expect to go out."

"Oh, how nice," purred his wife; "we'll have a perfectly lovely evening at home, and I'll play for you if you would like to have me, as I used to in the dear old days."

"No, no," said Jones hurriedly—"don't! I really couldn't stand it. Music is too soothing, you know, this reviving old melodies."

"Well, then, I'll do some outline work on my luncheon set, and we'll talk, and you can tell me all the news, dear."

"Yes," assented Jones, and they sat down in that blissful tete-a-tete of two souls with but a single thought, the wife busying her best as and a silence an inch thick settled on them like a cotton batting comfortable. Jones was about to reach for the evening paper when his wife broke the tantalizing distance, when Mrs. Jones remarked:

"I think there'll be a storm soon."

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Jones, who felt it coming.

"You are not very sociable, Jeptha," said his wife; "seems to me you might make yourself agreeable at home sometimes."

"Oh," said Jones with a guilty start; he was surreptitiously reading a column in the paper headed Domestic Tragedy in Greenland.

"I believe you remarked that the storm was coming. As it is about the time for the moon to get full I guess it will be a bright."

"What has the moon getting full, as you call it, to do with a storm?"

"There is a popular theory of laying so much stress on the word 'full, Maria,' said Jones crossly; "it's a scientific fact."

"Well, then, what has the moon getting full to do with the storm?" snapped his wife.

"I don't see the necessity of being personal in your allusions, Maria," retorted Mr. Jones.

"Is there anything I can say to please you," inquired Mrs. Jones, with cutting politeness; "perhaps the man in the moon has a wife who objects to his getting full, and being out at nights."

"Oh, go on—go on," cried Jones; "what you don't know about the moon would fill volumes. Try and make another brilliant remark about the weather," and he buried his head in the paper, and, although lost to sight, was to memory dear, and the evening ended as he began, in absolute silence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Ruling Habit.

I.

"So, Count, you desire to marry my daughter?"

These words came from the lips of Reginald de Montmorency, the millionaire banker, as he stood in the sumptuously furnished parlor of his mansion on G street, facing a distinguished gentleman of foreign appearance. The latter fervently replied:

"Yes yes, I do!"

"I will let you know my decision to-morrow; by the way Count, my daughter and I have arranged for a little supper at Ormsby's *cafe* this evening. Will you join us?"

"With pleasure."

II.

Gladys de Montmorency reclined on an excellently upholstered ottoman, in a boudoir, the furnishings of which must have cost a good deal of money.

There was a far away look in her eye; there was a far away look in her other eye.

She was thinking of one who was dearer to her than life. She was thinking of the splendid Count Bologoy, with his lustrous Italian eyes, and of the excellent chewing-gum he had given her.

She was summoned to the library, where her father, the opulent banker, stroked her silken hair and said:

"Gladys, the count has asked for your hand."

"Yes, papa, dear father; there are no flies on the count."

"Are you sure, my daughter, that he is your kind of people?"

"Dead sure."

"Because my child," and his voice grew tremulous with emotion, "because I fear me much that he is not a count at all. Methinks that when I was erstwhile at Omaha, I saw him as a waiter in a restaurant. My child, O, my child! These gray hairs would indeed go in sorrow to the grave—this old heart would be rended in twain if I were to see you in the soup!"

The lovely girl's breath came in gasps; she twined her beautiful arms about his neck, and whispered:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Harkee," her father replied. "I have a scheme—No. 206, series D. We'll take supper with him this evening, and I'll put him to a crucial test. Leave it to me, and let me alone. Kiss me again my angelic child."

III.

Myriads of light were gleaming in Ormsby's magnificent *cafe* when Mr. de Montmorency entered, with Gladys on his arm, queenly in her beauty and grace.

The count was already there, and the three sat down to a table together.

"What ho, waiter! Come hither!"

This stern command from Mr. de Montmorency was instantly obeyed.

The waiter came to the table.

Gladys could feel the color leave her cheeks.

She knew that the moment for the great test was come.

Even the stern lips of her father quivered, and the cold perspiration was on his brow as he said:

"Count, my daughter and I only care for a steak and a cup of coffee. Will you order for us?"

The count rose from his chair, and his ringing voice could be heard throughout the vast room as he said:

"Slaughter in the pan and draw one in the dark twice."

IV.

Reader, there is but little more to add.

Crushed and broken, Gladys retired to a convent to end her life in quiet and solitude.

The count left for his native country on foot, but a haystack in which he was sleeping one night took fire, and he perished in the flames.

No Longer Protected.

He—You don't seem to skate so often this winter as you used to. Has Tyrone left?

She—No. The fact is, since bustles went out I have been rather afraid of going on the ice.

One Way to Stop It.

"I will take two seats for to-night. How much are they?"

"A dollar and fifty each, unless you wear a large hat, in which case your seat will cost eighteen dollars."

"Eighteen dollars!"

"Yes, Miss; an your hat will ruin the performance for at least a dozen people."

Objections Removed.

Jake—So your father has consented to our union! I thought he wouldn't allow you to marry a lawyer!

Cora—Oh, but that's all right, so far as you are concerned, he says. He heard you trying to conduct a case in court to-day.

Cause of Sadness.

"Dora must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile now. What is the matter?"

"Two front teeth pulled."

The Quick and The Dead.

Charming Widow—Oh, no, Mr. Hathaway, say no more, I—I could not marry you—Oh, I would not give up my poodle—dodo—Charlie's name—that is all I have—left to me—I cannot—I—

Mr. Hathaway—Oh, but, darling, I'd have mine changed and you could keep it—easy enough—there—there—why, certainly!

In the Noble Ward

Lucretia (aged six)—He said you was a chum, and a deceiver, an' that you never intended to marry me. Make him swoller his words, Jimmy, make him swoller his words!

The American Girl in London.

Clara (upon the announcement of her friend's engagement to the Duke of Deadbrokes)—Did he tell you that he loved you, dear, and then speak about the passionate yearning in his heart, and all that?

Maud—No; not exactly.

Clara—Didn't he say something about life's stormy ocean and about his strong protecting arms that would always shield you, and how ever since he first beheld you, he had been haunted by your pleading eyes, and his love had gone out to you in a great, passionate outburst? Didn't he say that life without you would be a dreary waste?

Maud—No; certainly not.

Clara (impatiently)—Then I should like to know what the fellow did say.

Maud—He didn't say a word. I did the talking.

The Difference.

Mrs. Pugh—Oh, yes; just because it is a little damp out, you won't go to church. The pouring rain didn't keep you home from the theatre the other night.

Mr. Pugh—If I had remained home from the theater the other night, I would have lost the four dollars I paid for the tickets; but if I stay home from church this morning I'll be in fifty cents.

Honeyed Words.

She—I am sorry you must be going.

He—It doesn't matter. When one meets you he is already gone.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupon. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MARGUERITE.—Your letter, my little girl, is of date Dec. 2nd. Such an unformed hand could not be delicate.

GERMAN.—1. The mind should be made to remain passiva. 2. The submission, being voluntary, doesn't show weakness.

CANADA.—Facility, poetry, ease, energy, frankness, hope and decided likes and dislikes are shown. Writer is constant, prudent and of good perception.

GREEN FORM.—Thanks for your photo. I shall certainly put it on exhibition, as you suggest. I am sure your delineation was complimentary, as your writing makes a capital study.

BRANVICK.—Your opinions are decided and strongly expressed. You are orderly, careful, slightly imaginative, some cause, but not great patience, are persevering, candid and honest.

STUPID.—Your question brought its answer enclosed. You are kind-hearted, affectionate, fond of pleasure, conversing and though careless and easy-going desire to do your best; some sharpness of judgment, rather variable temper, sensitiveness and self-consciousness are also shown.

RUTH EDAL.—Love of beauty, tact, ease of manner, good nature, deliberate thought and decidedly hopeful temperament show in this writing. The writer is sociable, but not gregarious; fond of pleasure, conversation and society; constant; her general tone is elevated, order good and judgment fair and (upper) edited.

C. A.—This writer is frank and bright nature, not very self-assertive, very prudent and a little quick-tempered. Shows some culture and tact, but is proud and sympathetic, and strong enough when occasion requires. Hope is shown, also some wit, and care for details. She is not too conscientious, lacking change, and being impulsive.

SUE ROSE.—Your will is strong and your mind active. You are impulsive, capricious in mood, or rather, too sensitive to outside influences. You have a good memory, are conceited, but practical, but it is always kind. You are generous and sympathetic, and have a good deal of taste for literature and rather a clever thinker. Your writing, like yourself, is interesting and original.

KNAPSACK.—Your writing shows a tendency to conservatism in ideas, even temper, but rather lacks brightness, and shows no hope or ambition. Tenacity, some ability and good perception are shown. The writing is legible, indyible and graceful. Like the writer it shows no broad sweeps of imagination, nor swelling curves of ambition. It is rather a calm and contented hand.

JONATHAN.—This is a happy, determined and all alive person, with great persistency, some fun, rather a good and knowing character, with no "mind ways or weakness. He has imagination enough to save from prosiness, and energy enough for two. The feed study, being conpoulous, was destroyed, the second, of three lines, gives no more than the above, except perhaps a spice of temper and self-will.

RACY RUTH.—You write a good and rather original hand. Those long downward strokes mar it graphologically. They are unpractical and not ornamental any way. You are quick tempered, careless of details, energetic, honest and full of life and enterprise. You are over generous and not thoughtful enough of the serious things of life. I don't agree with you as to your advantage over us in the matter of climate. Tyrolle study is very much the same as one general. She joins inquisitiveness and more self-esteem. Study your sun signs.

CONSTANCE L.—Thanks for kind words. Your good wishes are most heartily returned Your writing shows refinement, sensitiveness, rather reticent and reserved, but kind and sympathetic. You would never off end by lack of tact, and most probably have many devoted friends. Your imagination is rather passive, tender and you are constant and fond of doing well what you undertake. I should think you would be somewhat disappointed if anything lacks bouyancy and merriment, though it is not in the least dull. I can guess what you mean.

BLUE.—Your letter was noticed and put with the like treats may be shown by both men and women. For instance, prudence, love of society, hope, ambition are not the exclusive attributes of either sex. Often a man's writing shows effeminacy, as a man's character does 2. Yours is a positive, self-willed, self-conscious character, with self-esteem, confidence for your own opinion, self-assertion and reserve and large views, extreme persistence and perseverance, considerable imagination, love of comfort, order, and a decided dislike to wasting time or substance. A most interesting study.

JOHANNES.—Writing shows love of social intercourse, originality, with some sense of humor, energy and impulse, though without the full of energy. Your letter is to the point, and it is not his fault if he doesn't attain his ends. The writing is strong and should be successful; writer is generous, conscientious and fond of pleasure. Order may accomplished, so far as graphology betrays, has sterling qualities of the best kind. Thanks for the information taken from the last three words of the letter submitted, which are: "Yours faithfully, Johannes." They contain a whole study in their short and simple lines.

BO-PEEP.—Hope you haven't got tired of looking for your delineation. "Is this or next week's issue." My dear Bo-peep, why should you worry about it? Surely full and exacting for characters be set aside that you may be answered? You are ambitious, determined, and not very easy-tempered when you think it will pay. Your ideals are high—live up to them! You have sense of humor, but no original wit, lack patience and tact, and too, but are so honest, upright and admirable Bo-peep. You would never lose your sheep, not one of them, and they would be aware that any delay would be dangerous when you called them home.

ANXIOUS.—I can only advise you on general principles not to do anything of which you are sure your mother would disapprove. As I know nothing of your circumstances, I may not give you the advice you want. Perhaps you would generally know what I said good! You might state the case to your friend and tell him that you were anxious to continue the correspondence, though it would cost you regret to give it up. A little giving up won't hurt you fatally, my dear I think you are perfectly sensible, and rather upright, but with the same time sensible and considerations. You have rather an excellent and conscientious character, good judgment, tack and artistic culture, are capable of warm affection, but I think you are in no danger of dying of a broken heart.

GORDY.—Your patience has been tried, hasn't it? Well, you're no worse than scores of others. Your writing shows lack of stability, great conscientiousness, affection, a very strong imagination and taste for romance, some ideality, good power of energy, caution and tact, but are so honest, upright and admirable Bo-peep. You would never lose your sheep, not one of them, and they would be aware that any delay would be dangerous when you called them home.

ARTHUR.—I can only advise you on general principles not to do anything of which you are sure your mother would disapprove. As I know nothing of your circumstances, I may not give you the advice you want. Perhaps you would generally know what I said good! You might state the case to your friend and tell him that you were anxious to continue the correspondence, though it would cost you regret to give it up. A little giving up won't hurt you fatally, my dear I think you are perfectly sensible, and rather upright, but with the same time sensible and considerations. You have rather an excellent and conscientious character, good judgment, tack and artistic culture, are capable of warm affection, but I think you are in no danger of dying of a broken heart.

GORDY.—Your patience has been tried, hasn't it? Well, you're no worse than scores of others. Your writing shows lack of stability, great conscientiousness, affection, a very strong imagination and taste for romance, some ideality, good power of energy, caution and tact, but are so honest, upright and admirable Bo-peep. You would never lose your sheep, not one of them, and they would be aware that your delay would be dangerous when you called them home. I see a decided resemblance between your handwriting and your writing. See answer to Marguerite.

GUY DE LORGUE.—I think you have an unfair advantage over me, but I never fried, for I have not had time to see you. Yes, I enjoyed the meet extremely, as you would know if you read the paper more carefully. I am not star for the run. I hope soon to hear that you are riding yourself. There is a great pleasure in store for you. I have no doubt you will be useful as well as ornamental. No, I detest the cold weather because it makes me uncomfortable, and I hate being bundled up. Why don't you come right in and ask for me? Thanks for your kind wishes. Your writing isn't very attractive as it lacks grace and beauty, but it is very decided and bold. You are firm in your purpose, rather erratic in your feelings, fond of your own way, tenacious of your rights, rather prudent than cautious, but you I am sure your friends will be much better if you had a good pan, good lick and did not use foreign paper.

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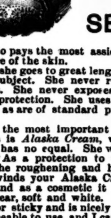

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Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

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Music.

THE Canadian Order of Foresters had a bumper house on Thursday, March 10, nearly all of the extra seats being occupied. A very popular programme was performed by very popular artists. Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Harold Jarvis, and Mr. Fred. Warrington form a vocal quartette always worth listening to, while Miss Alexander and Mr. James Fax are strong assistance. The quartette, Where are you Going My Pretty Maid, was not as well sung as might be, but the solos were most pleasing. Mrs. Caldwell sang with all her usual brilliancy of execution, and in her duett with Mr. Warrington secured the most insistent encore of the evening. Mrs. Mackelcan gave a very feeling rendering of Over the Far Blue Hills, Maria, which though a trifle high for her, was sung with great expression and delicacy. Mr. Jarvis continues to improve, and every time he revisits Toronto he shows more artistic work. His voice is rich and sympathetic as ever, and his style is better. Mr. Warrington was in splendid voice and gave some fine renditions. Miss Alexander's readings, Mr. Fax's comic songs and Mrs. Blight's accompaniments made a very effectual rounding off of a popular programme.

The Claire-Russell circus in Boston came to a climax the other day. The Boston *Evening News* offered a handsome diamond star valued at $1,000 to that one of these two ladies who should receive the largest popular vote. Airy fairy Lillian was beaten by some seventy thousand votes, and immediately cabled a bill of complaint to her manager, Mr. French, in London, who gave her authority to discharge the victorious Attalie, which she at once and most vigorously proceeded to do, so Miss Claire is the diamonds in and the engagement out. Yet two weeks ago these ladies declared that they loved each other.

Mr. F. H. Torrington conducted a most interesting concert of the Metropolitan Church Choir on Friday evening of last week, in which solos and choruses from the Creation were given. The soloists were Miss Ella Paterson, Miss Mortimer, Mr. F. H. Burt, Mr. R. Shaw, and Mr. A. E. Curren. Organ solos were played by Miss Sullivan, Miss Clarke, Mr. Borden and Mrs. Weeks Church.

And now Tagliapietra says that he is still married to Teresa Carreno, and that she has not secured any divorce from him, while D'Albert says that both he and Carreno have secured divorces from their former partners. As these gentlemen will meet in Chicago in a few days there is just a possibility of a fine ruction.

Miss Jardine-Thompson has joined the choir of the church of the Redeemer.

Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, whose popularity as a cornet player is more than local, has found a sphere worthy of his talents in his engagement with Gilmore's Band as a concert soloist. All his many friends will be pleased to hear of his removal to a larger artistic sphere, while they will regret his leaving our midst. A complimentary concert will be tendered him on Monday, April 4, at the Pavilion, when the leading artists of the city will appear on the programme, having volunteered their services. Among these are Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mrs. W. E. Ramsay, Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Laura McGillivray, Mr. Douglas Bird, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. George Taylor, Mr. Ed. Lye, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, Mr. Harry Rich, Mr. S. H. Clark and Mr. G. Dinelli. I am giving the list from memory, and if I have omitted any names I apologize at once.

The first and only concert this season by the Toronto Choral Society will be given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, March 29. The work to be produced is the cantata Gulnare, words by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and music by Signor F. D'Auria, the conductor of the society. This will be the first instance in the musical history of Toronto when an original work of this magnitude is conducted by its composer, and as such should be of sufficient interest to draw a large audience of music-lovers and critics. The soloists will be Mme. D'Auria, soprano; Mr. George Parker of Boston, tenor; and Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone. The chorus has been hard at work and is well forward, being effective in both training and balance, I am told. The orchestra will number forty pieces and will be assisted in the last number of the work by the band of the Queen's Own Rifles.

The Philharmonic Society has pulled up a large chorus, and at Tuesday's rehearsal showed excellent voices and training, and a very satisfactory degree of preparation. The scheme of the society is to give a public rehearsal on Wednesday evening, April 20, to sing Dr. Bridge's Callirhoe on Thursday, 21st, and to give Gounod's Redemption on Friday, 22nd. The tenor solos in both works will be sung by Mr. Whitney Mockridge, while the other parts will be presented by local singers. One of these (Callirhoe) is a novelty of considerable importance, composed by the organist of Westminster Abbey; the other is one of Gounod's masterpieces, and is replete with beautiful vocal work and gorgeous instrumentation. These fine works should draw all lovers of oratorio out of their haunts to show the public that Toronto, at least, has its love for the old school in a healthy and active state of being.

The choir of the church of the Redeemer will give a concert on Tuesday, April 26.

The Toronto Vocal Society, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, conductor, will give its second concert on Thursday, April 28. METRONOME.

A Word to Old Bachelors.

"No man," says Jean Paul, "can live piously or die righteously without a wife," and yet how many even live and die "old bachelors," having foregone all the sweetness of a woman's love and affection. They have no doubt expended a great deal of attention for years upon some loving true-hearted woman (if they are not woman haters) and won her love, only to thrust it back upon her again. If a man shows undivided attention to any woman, not intending to marry, then he is detestably unmanly and dishonorable to a degree, for when a woman's name has been associated with his the right and honorable course is the one for him to pursue, and that is to marry her. All women like attention, it is the key note to winning a woman's love. No woman, unless she is a heartless coquette (thank goodness they are few and far between,) will allow any attentions to continue, if she knows that the man will not marry her after winning her heart. Of course all women have faults—bless them—and no one knows it better than she does herself. God gave her these very faults in order that she might understand those of men. A man's life is never complete in its fullest happiness until that life is made beautifully whole by the love of a true-hearted, loving woman. The right kind of a wife knows better what is essential to her husband's comfort than he knows himself—far better. Women, we are told, know little of business, yet when business troubles come to a man what a joy and comfort a good wife can be. An "old bachelor" is only half of a perfect being; business successes may come to him, wealth may be his, but some way or other, he feels the absence of some congenial "one" to enjoy it with him. Then why is he not less selfish, why does he not take that good loving woman, whose heart he has possessed these "several years!" He does marvel after all whether a man does not need something outside of self, to draw him on and incite him to his utmost exertions. He may be courted for his money and fine residence. He may have friendships innumerable, but they are unsatisfying—he needs the other part of himself. There are circumstances and reasons why some men choose to remain bachelors, but many remain such from purely selfish motives, afraid that their mode of life may be changed. But there is bound to be unhappiness if a man of forty-five and thereabout marries a woman twenty years younger. She naturally cannot conform to his ways and ideas, he cannot go in for the pleasures that she cares for; a man of that age should choose a woman near to his age and they will be congenial. I do not see how a man can expect a blessed and prosperous life if he has won the love of a good woman and then deliberately deserts her for a new face, after she has made, no doubt, sacrifices for his sake, hoping and trusting to be his wife one day.

Now, ye old bachelors, wait no longer! Take to your hearts one who will be a comfort for all time till death you do part! M. THOMSON.

So Did He.

She (on their wedding trip)—What is the whistle blowing for, Fred?

Fred—We are approaching either a station or a tunnel.

She—I—I hope it's a tunnel.

A Double-entendre.

"So old Mr. Hunter asked you to marry him! And what did you say?"

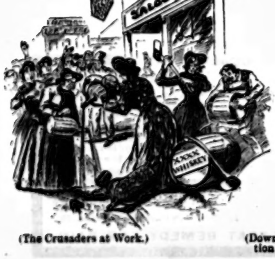
"That he had better ask mamma."

Making up the Average

Mrs. B.—This is disgraceful! You'll have no one to thank but yourself; I've warned you often enough how you are shortening your days.

Mr. B.—Yes, my dear; but you don't seem to realize what long nights I'm having.

The Total Abstinence Movement in Kansas.



(The Crusaders at Work.)

(Down the road).—"Well, Bill; fur a prohibition town, dis beats anyt'ing I've struck yet."

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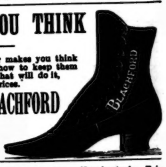

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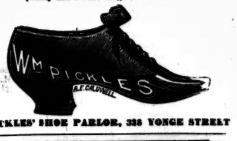

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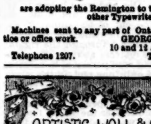

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Everything is exceedingly quiet in social circles, the Lenten season being observed very strictly.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a delightful tea to a number of ladies at The Homestead, last Friday. Those present were Mesdames Sanford, Gibson, Jones, Crerar, Walker, Fletcher, Keefer, Lucas, Leggat, Watson, Gartshore.

Miss MacDonald of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Armour.

Mrs. Brougton of Eastwood, and Mrs. Alex. Ramsay, left on Friday afternoon for Chicago, where they intend spending a month or two.

Miss Hendrie and Miss Leggat returned from a month's visit in Toronto with Mrs. Hay.

Mr. W. Waite of Montreal spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. Keefer of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. C. J. Jones, Bay street.

Mrs. Watson, Sandyford Place, gave a charming musicale in honor of the Misses Nichol, who are here on a visit from England. Among those present were: Misses Harvey, Hobson, Leggat, Gartshore, Danlop, Briggs, Hendrie, Osborne, Dawar, Baker, Fuller, Ramsay, Moreton and Faulkner, Messrs. Ferrie, W. Ferrie, E. Ferrie, Harvey, H. Gates, G. Gates, Billet, Leggat, Boyd, Gartshore, Robson, Bruce, Dawar, Gillespie, Hamilton and Davidson.

Miss Hunt of London is the guest of Mrs. Turner Highfield. SYLVIA.

ORANGEVILLE.

The annual assembly of the bachelors of Orangeville took place in the Town Hall on Friday evening, the 26th ult., and was in every respect an unqualified and magnificent success. The hall was tastefully and elaborately decorated for the occasion, and the attendance was very large, outside towns and cities being well represented. Visitors received every attention from the stewards and hon. secretary, and the entire affair passed off without a single hitch. Excellent music was furnished by the Orangeville Orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. J. H. Hulse. A sumptuous supper was provided, the caterer being Mr. Phil Smythe. Altogether the assembly was undoubtedly the largest and most successful held in Orangeville, and those connected with the undertaking are to be congratulated on the result. Among those who attended we noticed the following: Mr. J. W. Connor, Mr. E. Hands, Mr. G. A. Burgess, Mr. S. Hill, Miss Hill, Miss Amey Lodie, Mr. and Mrs. D. McMorris, Miss V. McMorris, Mr. H. Hull, Mr. J. Buch, W. J. Dandass, R. A. Douglas, Mr. J. R. Matthews, Mr. W. Neakest, Miss M. McNea, Mr. J. L. Bush, Miss Maud Tuck, Miss Cora Tuck, Miss Gertie Tuck, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Briggs, H. W. Briggs, M. J. Da Bles, J. G. Galbraith, J. B. Sutherland, H. Bender, B. Hulse, Miss A. Hulse, Miss L. Bradley, Miss M. Connelly, Miss M. Hibbard, Miss Annie Buchlan, Miss M. Buachlan, Mr. E. Tompson, Mr. W. Ryan, Miss M. McEnaney, Miss K. McEnaney, Miss A. Austin, Mr. J. McEnaney, Mr. A. C. and the Misses M. and J. McMillan, Miss Nellie Witter, Miss Mary Witter, Mr. F. Hoare, Mr. J. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Miss Orr, Miss Birdie Culp, Mr. F. J. Bench, Miss E. Bench, Mr. Jas. Craig, Miss E. Reily, Mr. E Kinsy, Mr. W. Kinsey, Mr. Jas. Galbraith, Mr. J. L. Meek, Miss Mackie, Mr. M. Leighton, Misses E. Reily, E. Mann, A. Irving, J. Mann, S. Hall, A. Hill, S. Caldwell, A. Fisher, G. Irvine, A. McGuire, G. Gray, J. Paisley, L. Fitzgerald, M. Fitz gerald, A. Quinn, M. Kinsella, M. Ryan, B. Hughes, N. Williamson, E. Shields, A. Riddell, M. Lawrence, A. Morrison, Louie Haley, M. Murray, G. Dunning, H. Dunning, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. B. McGuire, jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. G. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bench, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Irwin, Messrs. J. C. Brown, J. C. Henny, C. Brown, H. Sweeney, T. T. Paul, Thos. Donnes, Phil Smythe, W. W. Bradley, T. Gray, F. J. Bradley, A. H. Turnbull, S. March, J. Hill, R. H. Robinson, S. Donner, Will Hill, T. W. Huston, J. J. Hulse, R. Shields, M. J. Bench, H. Gillespie, J. H. Hulse, J. R. Hughes, G. F. Williamson, James Lennox, W. McKenny, R. J. Fitzgerald, L. J. Brown, W. D. Jewetts, F. W. Ritchie, W. J. L. McKay, F. Jackson, W. and E. Clarridge, George Cobban, J. E. Booth, W. F. Seymour, D. J. Hunter and J. Longeway.

Too Literal.

Teacher—When the wise men came to the king what did they say?

Boy—They said: "O, King, live forever!"

Teacher—Quite right; and what then?

Boy—And immediately the king lived forever.

A Hopeless Case.

Doctor—You must give up drinking and——

Mr. Sickly—I never touch a drop.

Doctor—And stop smoking.

Mr. Sickly—I don't smoke.

Doctor—Humph! that's bad; if you haven't anything to give up I'm afraid I can't do much for you.

Always Has Been.

"Do they sing a recessional at your church?"

"No; we used to, but we don't now. The processional is going out, I think."

Toronto Choral Society Concert

PAVIGION MUSIC HALL.

Tuesday, March 29, 1892

SIGNOR F. D'ANNIA, Conductor.

A professional Orchestra of fifty pieces will assist.

Box plan open to subscribers on Monday, March 21, and to general public on Wednesday, March 23, at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Warerooms.

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Conductor, SIGNOR VIANESI

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Class B	2 00	2nd	"	3 00
Class C	1.50	3rd	"	2 00
Class D	1 00	4th	"	2 00

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Miniature plan of Pavilion showing classification as above, gratis on application.

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Having just completed our annual stock taking we have decided to mark down and sell off the whole of our **second-hand stock** by special sale running two weeks from date.

We have nearly **fifty pianos,** good, bad and indifferent, at prices from **$25 each** and upwards, and really good organs from $20 upwards. Many of these instruments are excellent, and many of them are poor, but prices are marked to suit the qualities, so do not blame us for want of frankness. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Mason & Risch, 32 King St. West

When to Love.

I would venture upon one observation, with which let no youth or maiden be offended. The man who desires to experience the passion of love at its fullest perfection ought not to be too young. Memories, regrets, the experience which furnishes the family for making comparisons, do not spring into existence, like mushrooms, in the course of a single night, and yet these, likewise, are necessary ingredients in the composition of true passion. And so—without going quite so far as that eminent novelist who, as his own years advanced, added proportionately to those of his heroes, and was probably only saved by death from depicting the loves of the absolutely senile—I should certainly not seek for the constant and devoted heart beneath the striped flannels of an undergraduate, any more than I should look for it within the trim bodice of the raw school girl whose voracious *besoin d'aimer* might lead her to fall down and worship the very first man who came across her path. But what has the passing of the actual years to do with falling in love, when the whole matter lies centered in the inappreciable age of the heart? In order to fall in love vigorously and satisfactorily, a man must have arrived at the age of reason. He must have outlived, that is to say, all that went to make him hair-brained, impetuous, or incapable of gauging the strength of his own emotions, while, at the same time, he must not have entered the barren and desolate region which is strewn with dead illusions and shattered idols. He must have come to know, of course, that "all is not gold that glitters," while retaining his appreciation of the precious metal when it is pure and unalloyed. The sensation of heart-hunger which comes to most men at some period of their lives must not have been succeeded by that of either repletion or satiety, and he should still be a believer in true and disinterested affection while admitting and deploring the rarity of the phenomenon. "Wait till you come to forty year!" sings Thackeray in his well known ballad, after which age, if we are to believe the great novelist, a man ceases to care about anything but "dipping his nose in the Gascon wine." I should like to think that all this modern march of intellect, which inculcates temperate habits and improved sanitary conditions (with the result, as I hear, of increasing the average of human longevity), may have somewhat extended the limit of male sensibility. Be this as it may, however, the period of man's enlightened susceptibility must of necessity be brief; brief as the fleeting months which intervene between seed-time and harvest, when

> Ere the March straws grain shall be bound in the sheaf
> There is left us a little time to love,

while, in some matter-of-fact natures, this time is reduced to what Sterne has designated, "only the breadth of an hair."—*Nineteenth Century.*

A Theatrical Duet.

It was subsequent to the first visit of Erastus Cauliflower, son of old Cauliflower, to the theater, that a cloud of trouble hovered for an instant over his bright horizon. One morning his mother went to the foot of the stairs and said persuasively:

"Erastus!"

A hoarse voice answered from beneath the coverlids.

"Avaunt! Thine eyes are marrowless!"

Then his doting mother again spoke.

"Erastus Cauliflower!"

"Vanish, thou spectral shape! Resolve to vapurish air!"

"Why, Erastus, dear, what's the matter?"

"Cry sleep no more to all the house! Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

Then the fond mother held a hurried conversation with the equally indulgent old man.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that he's got the temporary insanity. You know it's about and if it's catching and there's—you—and—me—O, Cauliflower, do go up and see if he ain't in a high fever—see if he's got a knife or a pistol."

Cauliflower made a rapid ascent to the upper regions, which was followed by a rapidly executed administration of a peculiar piece of leather termed a trunk strap, accompanied by his vehement adjuration:

"But I, who am not made for sportive tricks, will waking thee, Erastus Cauliflower, until thy rich blood warms 'neath the chastening blows! Wilt rise up, stage struck youth?"

And Erastus didst answer, as he pranced around in pain and a blue hickory shirt, "O, pa, I wilst."

A Chance for His Strength

"I lifted a mass of iron weighing 300 pounds at the store to-day," boasted Sunway.

"Did you?" replied his wife, admiringly. "Now see if you can lift a couple of hods of coal from the cellar."

Limited Facilities.

School-Trustee.—Your class in Physiology doesn't seem to be up to the standard, Miss Birch.

Teacher.—I've done the best I could with the charts that I found here, Mr. Small.

School-Trustee.—U an—er—what did the charts consist of?

Teacher.—Six views of a whiskey stomach.

Great Enough for Her.

Miss B.—But the whole Four Hundred were at his funeral!

Mr. G.—Nevertheless he was not a great artist.

Miss B.—Well, I'm sure I don't know what you mean by "great art," then!

Tit for Tat.

Fannie—You would never marry, Herbert, if all girls were like me.

Herbert—You may be sure I wouldn't.

The Best Part Gone.

Kind Son (back from the city)—I didn't know exactly what to bring you, mother, but here is the material for a new silk dress.

Loving Mother (opening package)—Oh, George, this would be just what I wanted if I had only bought it myself!

BEWARE of the MICROBE

From the Irish Canadian, February 11, 1892.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE; and if life is to be preserved and prolonged, an imperative condition is that the blood be pure, rich and active. For all the ills to which flesh is heir there is but one cause, and that cause most undeniably is viciated or impure blood. Where, therefore, the life-giving current is weak and sluggish, there will be found an enfeebled constitution, the result of germs insidiously impregnating the system with disease. These germs or microbes feed upon the blood and tissues; and when the poison of their actions set in, the end is not far off. Few there are who fully comprehend the danger which lurk in the vicinity of those almost imperceptible particles which find lodgement in the human organization; and it is only when their destructive inroads became apparent that the sufferer realizes peril, and casts about for relief. All the known remedies are employed and medical science is called in—and yet a cure is seldom or never effected. The microbe or blood foe seems to be untouched by the most elaborate prescriptions; and the only effectual check to its growth and mischief, of which account is taken, is that devised by Mr. Radam, whose name has leaped into prominence within the last few years, and whose remedy challenges the skeptical to a test. His Microbe Killer is of comparatively recent discovery; but short as has been its record, the proofs are many that the discovery has not been made in vain, but that it is a priceless boon to suffering humanity. You who are laboring under physical ailment may not be cured by Radam's Microbe Killer; but you cannot tell till you try it.

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Births.

FORTERFIELD—At 232 Wellesley street, on the 16th inst., the wife of T. A. Porterfield—a son.

ROBERTSON—March 2, at 56 Tansby avenue, Mrs. J. M. Robertson—a daughter.

COOK—March 13, Mrs. Fred Cook—a daughter.

RYERSON—March 11, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson—a daughter.

LOGAN—March 10, Mrs. R. Logan—a daughter.

THILDING—March 9, Mrs. J. E. Yeilding—a son.

COLLINS—March 10, Mrs. Wilkie Collins—a daughter.

ROBERTSON—March 5, Mrs. J. C. Robertson—a son.

WARDE—March 7, Mrs. J. D. Warde—a son.

McTAVISH—March 8, Mrs. T. McTavish—a son.

McLAUGHLIN—March 1, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin—a son.

Marriages.

ROLPH—POINGDESTRE—March 10, Adam F. Rolph to Edith F. Poingdestre.

BROWN—NICKELL—March 10, F. A. Brown to Jennie Nickell.

BEATON—DAVEY—March 9, John Beaton to Annie Davey.

PARKER—BOYD—March 9, William Parker to Jennie Boyd.

THOMPSON—DAVIS—March 9, Frank Thompson to Alvretta T. Davis.

FRAZER—SMITH—March 9, Wm. J. Frazer to Alvira C. Smith.

MACDONALD—MOSS—March 10, Wm. Macdonald to Evelyn Josephine Moss.

BRADY—DOWER—March 2, Alex. M. Brady to Elizabeth Mary Dower.

BLACKEY—PRIOR—March 7, James Blackey to Ada M. Prior.

BAIRD—WORDEN—March 16, George Baird to Minnie Worden.

LOESER—PINK—March 16, Edward Loeser to Jennie Pink.

Deaths.

CHURCHILL—March 12, Walter Churchill, aged 53.

CORDINGLEY—March 14, Marguerite Cordingley, aged 1 month.

McKINDSEY—March 9, Jane C. McKindsey, aged 56.

WRIGHT—March —, Frank L. Wright, aged 20.

AIKMAN—March 11, John C. Aikman, aged 60.

ELDER—March 12, Mary Elder.

SCOTT—March —, Jane R. Scott.

ESSON—March 10, Charlotte Esson, aged 63.

SUTHERLAND—March —, Barbara Sutherland, aged 86

BOTTERELL—March 11, Esther Botterell, aged 81.

MACDOWELL—March 9, Mrs. Macdowell, aged 69.

SUTHERLAND—March 11, Wm. Sutherland, aged 4 months

TUTTY—March 11, Eliza Tutty.

LISTER—March 6, Wm. Lister.

SINCLAIR—March 1, Duncan Sinclair, aged 27.

BAILLIE—March 6, Rosanna Baillie, aged 3.

CAREY—March 10, May Carey, aged 4.

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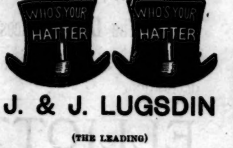

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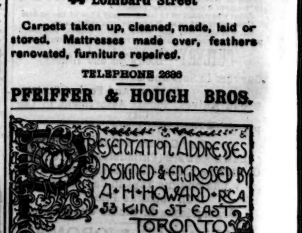
Carpets taken up, cleaned, made, laid or stored. Mattresses made over, feathers renovated, furniture repaired.

TELEPHONE 2299

PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.